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LIFE AND BATTLES OF DAN. DONNELLY,

ONCE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LAMENTED DEATH
AND
FUNERAL HONORS
Paid to the late
SIR DAN DONNELLY.

Mourn for our Champion, snatched away,
From the fair Curragh's verdant ring;
Mourn for his fist now wrapped in clay,
No more the ponderous thump to fling.

It appears the Knight of the Fives took his leave suddenly of the Irish Prize Ring, on the 18th of February, 1820, in consequence of having drunk a draught of co'd water when in a state of perspiration, after an active game of Fives. He was in the 34th year of his age. It is said, that his blood was overheated, from the great quantity of Whisky-punch that Dan had taken on the night preceding evening, to show some of companions the insensible effects spirituous liquors had upon his constitution. But, alas! Dan's judgment proved erroneous upon this suit. He was soon brought to a stand still—lost the game—and DEAD beat!

When green Erin laments for her hero removed
From the Isle where he flourished—the Isle that he loved,
Where he entered so often the twenty-foot lists,
And twinaling like meteors, he flourished his fists,
And gave to his foes more *set-downs* and *tossovers*
Than ever was done by the great philosophers,
In folio, in twelves, or in quarto.

Majestic O'Donnelly! proud as thou art,
Like a cedar on top of Mount Hermon,
The lament that Death shamelessly made thee depart,
In the gripes, like a blacksmith or chairman.
Oh! hadst thou been felled by Tom Cribb in the ring,
Or by Carter been milled to a jelly,
Oh! sure that had been a more dignified thing,
Than to kick for a *pain* in your belly!

A purse on the belly that robbed us of thee,
And the bowels unfit for their office;
A curse on the *potheen* you swallowed so free,
For a stomach *complaint*, all the doctors agree.
Far worse than a head-ache or cough is
Death, who like a cruel and insolent bully,
Rudrube
All those he thinks fit to attack,
Chisel Dan, my tight lad, try a touch of my *mulligrubbs*,
Which soon laid him flat on his back!

Great spirits of Broughton, Jem Belcher, and Figg,
Of Corcoran, Pierce, and Dutch Sam;
Whether up stairs or down you kick up a rig,
And at intervals pause your *blue ruin* to swig,
Or with grub your head baskets to cram,
Or, whether for quiet you're places all alone
In some charming retired little heaven of your own,
Where the turf is elastic, in short just the thing
That Bill Gibbons *would choose, when he's forming a ring*,
That whenever you wander you still may stand to,
And *thrash* and be *thrashed* till you're *black* and *blue*:
Where your favorite enjoyments for ever are near,
And you eat, and you drink, and you fight all the year;
All receive then to join in your milling delight,
The *shade* of SIR DANIEL DONNELLY, *Knight*,
With whom a turn up is no frolic;
His is no white or cold liver,
For he *beat* Oliver,
Challenged Carter, and died of the CHOLIC!!!

THE FUNERAL.

On Sunday, February 27th, the remains of this celebrated character were borne, with all due pomp and solemnity, from his family residence in Greek street, to the last asylum, where his ancestors lie quietly immured, reckless of the fame which a scion of their house was destined to reap in the pugilistic ring. An immense number of people, some in carriages and some on horseback, moving in slow and measured pace, formed part of the procession. There was a strong muster of the Fancy. The Gloves were carried on a cushion in front of the hearse, from which the horses had been unyoked by the crowd, and multitudes contended for the honor of assisting in drawing it.

The procession took its route through the leading streets of the city, and the numbers, as it passed, seemed to increase, until the body of the Champion was lodged in its last resting place in Bully's Acre. It is for posterity to do justice to the prowess of Sir Daniel Donnelly. Not the least remarkable feature in his eventful history is, that he was the last person who received the honor of knighthood during the late Regency—there might have been, and probably were, worse men among those who received that honor before him—although last, he did not deserve to be held as least, among the Knights of our day. Among a great variety of poetic effusions, published in Ireland on the demise of the Irish Champion, we have selected the following:—

"What dire misfortune has our land o'erspread!
Our Irish Champion's number'd with the dead:
And he who never did to mortal bend,
By Death's out short, and Ireland's lost her Friend.
Ah! cruel Death, why were you so unkind,
To take Sir Dan, and leave such trash behind
As Gregson, Cooper, Carter,—such a clan
To leave behind, and take so great a Man?
Oh! Erin's daughters, come and shed your tears
On your Champion's grave, who loved you many years.
To Erin's sons this day's a day of sorrow,
Who have we now that will defend our Curragh?"

We have copied the following letter from the Dublin Evening Post, respecting the

RESURRECTION

of the above great hero.

"SIR,—having attended the remains of the victorious Donnelly to his last home, on Sunday, a curiosity of again beholding his grave induced me, on passing that way this evening, to turn into the ground, accompanied by two friends. On coming to the Hero's grave, what was our surprise, to behold the clay thrown up, the coffin lid broken, and the body gone; it immediately occurred to us that the Resurrectionists of York street had paid him a visit—we passed through Kilmainham, and were informed there, that during the last two nights a few admirers of his art had been there to protect him; but their naturally jovial disposition, and the severity of the weather, prompted them to make too frequent libations on the tomb of the departed Champion, and disabled them from perceiving or opposing those rifiers of the House of Death. I communicate this intelligence through the idea that the public may be gratified in knowing the last stage on which this powerful frame is fated to figure, at the same time that I am conscious it will raise the tender feelings of the boys of the fancy, to know that that arm, the object of their highest admiration, and the terror of England, is subject to scoffs, and flung ingloriously in a filthy sink.

"Your's, &c. &c.,
"J. BURROWES."

"73 Baggot street, 22d Feb., 1820."

"On Wednesday night, pursuant to notice, a meeting took place at Mr. Bergin's, in Fleet street, which was composed of a number of respectable characters, the object of which was to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a Testimonial to the memory of the Champion of Ireland, when, after some deliberation, an adjournment to Monday evening next was agreed to, for the purpose of appointing a Treasurer, Committee, and Secretary. A gentleman present wished to know if there was any truth in the rumor of the disinterment of the body, but was assured, in the most positive terms, that the sacred depository had not been violated."—*Dublin Evening Post.*

A DIRGE OVER SIR DANIEL DONNELLY.

TUNE—"*Molly Astore.*"

As down Exchequer street I strayed, a little time ago,
I chanced to meet an honest blade, his face brimful of woe;
I asked him why he seem'd so sad, or why he sigh'd so sore?
"O Gramachree, och, Tom," says he, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

With that he took me straight away, and pensively we went
To where poor Daniel's body lay, in wooden waistcoat pent;
And many a yard before we reached the threshold of his door,
We heard the keeners as they screached "Sir Daniel is no more!"

We entered soft, for feelings sad were stirring in our breast,
To take our farewell of the lad who now was gone to rest;
We took a drop of Dan's potheen,* and joined the piteous roar,
O, where shall be his fellow seen, since Daniel is no more!

His was the fist whose weighty dint did Oliver defeat,
His was the fist that gave the hint it need not oft repeat,
His was the fist that overthrew his rivals o'er and o'er;
But now we cry in pillalu, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

Cribb, Cooper, Carter, need not fear great Donnelly's renown,
For at his *wake* we're seated here, while he is lying down;
For Death, that primest swell of all, has laid him on the floor,
And left us here, alas! to bawl, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

EPITAPH.

He lies Sir Daniel Donnelly, a pugilist of fame;
In Ireland bred and born was he, and he was genuine game;
Then if an Irishman you be, when you have read this o'er,
Go home and drink the memory of him who is no more.

DONNELLY'S SPRIG OF SHILELAH.†

Crawley Common's the place, and who chanced to be there,
Saw an Irishman all in his glory appear,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
When in sweet Dublin city he first saw the light,
The midwife he kick'd, put the nurse in a fright;
But said they, upon viewing him belly and back,
"He's the boy that will serve them all out in a whack,
"From his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green."

He thought about fighting before he could talk,
And, instead of a go-cart, he first learn'd to walk,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
George's Quay was his school, the right place for good breeding,
Where the boys mind their STOPS if they dont mind their reading;
There Dan often studied from morning till dark,
And could write, but, for shortness, liked making his MARK
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

At his trade, as a chip, he was choice in his stuff;
None pleased him but what was hard, knotty, and tough,
Like his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
Nor to strip to his *work* would he ever refuse,
And right hand and left he the *mallet* could use,
Length and distance could measure without line or rule,
And at *flooring* was famous without any tool
But his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

Whenever he arroganee happen'd to meet,
No matter in whom, he took out the conceit
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
To the best of all nations that cross'd Dublin bar,
Dan was ready at tipping a *mill* or a spar;
The hot-headed Welchman served out by the lot,
And cut up their leaks small enough for the pot,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

Hall and Cooper went over with wonderful haste,
On the soil where it grew, they were longing to taste
Of the sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green:
On the plains of Kildare, 'twas proposed they should meet,
And Donnelly wished to give both a good treat;
Yet to such *things* as Hall, gallant Dan never stoop'd,
But he took the stout Cooper, and Cooper well hoop'd
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

And as Irishmen always politeness are taught,
He the visit return'd, and to England he brought
His neat sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
With the good natur'd stranger the English seem'd shy,
And Cooper no more fickle fortune would try,
But at last the game Oliver entered the field,
And, tho' on his own soil, was soon forced to yield
To the sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

With his kind English friends he'll again, just to please 'em,
Soon meet, and if troubled with money soon ease 'em
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
But if John Bull is wise he'll from market hang back,
And keep all the *corn* he has got in his sack;
As to him the next season no harvest will bring,
For, like hail, Dan will beat down the blossoms of Spring,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

RECOLLECTIONS.
OF THE LATE
IRISH CHAMPION.
CHILD DANIEL.

In Fancy-land there is a burst of woe,
The spirit's tribute to the fallen; see
On each scarr'd front the cloud of sorrow glow,
Bloating its sprightly shine. But what is he
For whom GRIEF'S mighty butt is broach'd so free?
Were his brows shadow'd by the awful crown,
The Bishop's mitre, or high plumery
Of the mail'd warrior? Won he his renown
On Pulpit, Throne, or FIELD, whom death hath now struck down?

He won it in the field where arms are none,
Save those the Mother gives to us He was
A climbing star, which had not fully shone,
Yet promised in his glory to surpass
Our Champion star ascendant; but, alas!
The sceptered shade that values early might,
And pow'r, and pith, and bottom, as the grass,
Gave with his fleshless fist a buffet slight.——

—'Tis done, Green-mantled Erin
May weep; her hopes of milling sway past by,
And Cribb, sublime, no lowlier rival fearing,
Before, sole Ammon of the fistic sky,
Conceited, quaffing his *blue ruin* high,
Till comes the Swell, that come to all men must,
By whose *foul blow* Sir Daniel low doth lie,
Summons the Champion to resign his trust,
And mingles his with Kings', Slaves', Chieftains', Beggars' dust!

I thank you, ye relics of sounding titles and magnificent names! Ye have taught me more of the *littleness* of the world, than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility arrayed in a winding-sheet—your grandeur mouldering in an urn—are the most indisputable proofs of the NOTHINGNESS of created things. Never, surely, did Providence write this important point in such legible characters as in the ashes of my Lord, or on the corpse of *his* Grace.

HERVEY.

Notwithstanding the above serious truth, so finely delineated by that beautiful writer, upon his viewing the Tombs of Nobles, yet, nevertheless, we cannot pass the Monument of our hero without making a pause—nay, something more than a *pause*; and if it does not exactly, or critically, come bang-up to the mark of what is termed reverence, we feel quite confident, that it cannot be disputed, as fulfilling an act of Friendship:—

Underneath this pillar high
Lies Sir Daniel Donnelly,
He was a stout and handy man,
And people called him "Buffing Dan;"
Knighthood he took from George's sword,
And well he wore it, by my word!
He died at last, from forty seven
Tumblers of punch* he drank one even;
O'erthrown by punch, unharmed by fist,
He died unbeaten pugilist!
Such a buffer as Donnelly,†
Ireland never again will see.
Obit XIII° Kal. Martii, MDCCCXX.

Dan, when quite a spalpeen, was distinguished for his facetiousness and quickness of repartee, and denominated a funny fellow. He was the hero of the class in which he moved, and always looked up to as a good "bit of stuff." The names of Peter Corcoran, Ryan, and Gamble, it should seem, had inspired him with a thirst for milling fame, and he appeared anxious to give Ould Ireland an additional claim of having to boast of producing another fighting hero. Donnelly, therefore, left the obscurity of *cutting of chips*, for the more profitable amusement of *cutting of ‡ heads.*

* It was well known, that Sir Dan was not a dry subject; and that his wit and repartee were as smart, in general, as the shoe-black's on Essex Bridge, Dublin, who being asked by the late Lord Charlemont, one morning, after he had given a *polish* to his Lordship's shoes, to give that Nobleman change for a guinea; "Why, my Lord," says he, "you might as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle."

† Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1820. This elegant and highly interesting production, to prove the immense loss sustained from the departure of so great a hero, has devoted no less than twenty of its closely printed pages, to illustrate, or rather to rescue from oblivion, his astounding fame and *striking* talents, consisting of solemn dirges—letters of condolence—lamentations—plaintive ballads—odes—songs—an eloquent philosophical oration—and *wound-up* by an advertisement to collect expenses for a suitable memorial to be erected to the memory of Ireland's late Champion. They are truly interesting to the Fancy in general; and we almost weep, that owing to the necessary introduction of other *milling Coves*, our limits prevent us from copying the whole of them; feeling very properly, we trust, upon so important a subject, that although WE do not understand the *gist* of them, it is no reason that many other persons connected with the prize ring should not. We feel great loss in not having Bob Gregson at our elbow just now, for a *tiny bit* of his assistance. However, of several of the pieces of poetry we shall avail ourselves. Respecting the *Latin*, we unfortunately stand in a relative situation with the village school mistress, to "skip and go on." Concerning the *Greek*, we can get over the ground much better than with the preceding article, in requesting Bill Gibbons to explain it to us; but as to the HECUBA of the thing, the *Hebrew* with points. Mendoza says, as to the "points of it," it is all *chice a ma trice!* But then again, we are at fault; as Dr. Bellamy asserts, there are not *ten* Jews in the kingdom that have any knowledge of the Hebrew tongue; yet Shelton vows he *floored* a Giant, without having a *scrap* of learning at all; but insists upon it, that he is nevertheless a man of *science.*

‡ The compositor had like to have led us into a great error, if we had not detected it in the proof, by adding another *f*, which would have made an *executioner* of Dan. This was not the case. It is true, that many persons who have felt the severity of his fists, have put up their hands to feel if their heads were left upon their shoulders, from his great execution. If Dan was not an *ornamenter*, he certainly gave an emphasis to some of them, from the *color* which he added to their heads.

* Poor Dan kept a public-house, Lord rest his soul!

† This song was written by a countrymen of Donnelly's, and sung at Digam's, Red Lion, Houghton street, Clare Market, with great applause.

The coal-quays soon trumpeted forth his praise in his quilting all the insolent overgrown fellows that were attached to it—the city of Dublin was not long in learning his excellence, from the numerous whisky-bucks he had laid flat on their backs; but it was on the Curragh of Kildare that he obtained his passport as a genuine boxer. To England he came in triumph: but it was not long before his passport was most rigorously examined; yet fortune hovered over his head, and conquest crowned his efforts in defeating Oliver.

It is rather singular to remark, that soon after his arrival in London, he met Cooper and Hall one evening at the Castle Tavern, when, after inquiring after their health, he very facetiously asked them if they should like a taste of Mr. Donnelly in England, as they had stated fair play was not allowed to them in Ireland. But silence got rid of the inquiry.

On Thursday evening, May 27, 1819, the second day of Epsom races, it seems Carter felt himself much affronted in Donnelly's forfeiting his word to accompany him to the above place to have a booth; and meeting with the Irish Champion at Belcher's in the evening, he said, angrily, that "he could beat ony Irishman in England and Ireland!" This speech was resented with much pluck by Donnelly, who instantly threw down a £2 note as a deposit to back himself against Carter, for £50 aside, to fight him in the course of a month, or in the short space of five minutes! No match, was, however, made; and Cooper was also present. Donnelly likewise observed, that he had been challenged, but he wished it to be understood he did not put up for a fighting man; but, nevertheless, he would not be gammoned, and that Carter should not take any liberties with him, because they had been sparring in concert together.

A General, well known in the sporting circles, in order to try the milling capabilities of Donnelly (his country man), soon after his arrival in England, invited the Irish Champion to his house, and in a set-to with a gentleman amateur, distinguished for his superior knowledge and tactics of the art of self defence. Donnelly put in such a tremendous facer, that for several minutes the gentleman was in a state of stupor. Having "the best" of the above amateur, tended greatly to increase the milling reputation of the Irish Champion.

The severity of training did not accord with the liveliness of Donnelly's disposition. It was an unpleasing restraint to him. In fact, he did not like going into training at all, and some difficulty occurred; nay, it was almost coaxing him to leave the Metropolis.

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.]

WRESTLING.

The Oldest Sport on Record.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

THE WRESTLERS.

——a mutual yoke of hands,
Dragging with arms and elbow-joints in inter-twisted hands;
And in their clasp reciprocal they lifted from the ground
Each other's body, snatched in air, descending round and round;
A double pleasure thus employ'd th' Olympian dweller's mind,
Lifting and lifted thus by turns upon the wafted wind.

Orlando.—I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.—SHAKSPEARE.

Wrestling, the oldest sport upon record, has recently become a complete "Fancy article" in the Sporting World; and also quite an established species of amusement during the last five years in various parts of the Metropolis. For several years past the above sport was followed, in the fields near White Conduit House, on Good Friday, by a few young men who had left their native towns, and who, feeling anxious to have a bit of the old amusement, formed themselves into a club, denominated the Cumberland and Westmoreland youths. The above club gave a handsome belt to the successful Wrestler in the Ring on that day; but scarcely anything was ever heard of the above sport during the remainder of the year, except in a private match or two, until the next Good Friday afforded them another leisure day, for the Wrestlers again to exhibit their skill and strength.

However, about five years since, a society of Devonshire men frequently assembled together at a public-house in Essex street, in the Strand, and laid a kind of foundation for the above sport in London; but, for some time after its introduction, the few Cornish Wrestlers in the Metropolis were incompetent to uphold the honor of their county, as Abraham Cann, and others of the best men of Devon, were always introduced to carry off the prizes, when their amount was of any value. Indeed, it is said, that the men of Devonshire "look" upon themselves as the crack Wrestlers in the Kingdom; and Abraham Cann, in the eyes of his countrymen, is not only put forth as their champion, but viewed as almost invulnerable.

It is likewise asserted that the Men of Cornwall are not a jot behind the Devonians in the above respect; and Polkinhorne has, by his countrymen, also been elevated to the Championship, and who, likewise, defeated Cann in their celebrated contest. Oliver, Rooke, Jordan, &c., have distinguished themselves as Wrestlers of the "first class" in the London ring, and, according to the old axiom:

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"

the Patlanders, the gay boys of the Emerald Isle, not wanting to have a finger in the "pie" of public approbation, have always been ready to sport a toe—give a kick—or obtain a back fall, with either Devonshire or Cornish men, when any match has been offered to them. Gaffney, Finney, &c. have proved themselves on several occasions very troublesome customers, and who have withstood many a severe kick of the shins, when the claret has been seen trickling down their legs, reminding us very strongly of the Philosopher's assertion, that pain is only an imaginary feeling; in truth, the above Wrestlers have kept their ground like bricks and mortar. But we hate all invidious distinctions—country or color are the same to us—and we only, in our reports of these contests, look to the talent and strength exhibited in the various matches. All the men are alike to us in the above respect—and ability of any kind never was, nor ever will be, confined to any particular spot; but, in the London Ring, a man is sure to meet with his match; and be he whoever he may that gets at the top of the tree in the Metropolis, he must prove himself —SOMEBODY.

We speak from our own knowledge (observes M. Litt, in his Wrestliana,) and from such corresponding information as insures the correctness of every thing we shall state as matter of fact. During the many years we were attached to this hardy and athletic exercise,

'The men who threw us, and the men we threw,'

could not fail to perfect us in the practice of the ring; and the number of veteran wrestlers, and veteran amateurs we conversed with, who

'Our memory stor'd with feats of valor done,
And, youth recalling, told how belts were won,'

gave us an equal claim to understand the theory of the business; and consequently we scruple not to say, we believe ourselves as well acquainted with the various interesting particulars comprised in such a Review, as any one person whatever.

We shall, therefore, for the better information of those spectators not conversant either in the practice or theory of wrestling, as well as of those who wish to become so, devote a few pages to the explanation of those terms usually applied to the methods which are used in the art; or, to speak more intelligibly to our less knowing readers, the different methods of striking or assailing an opponent, so as to effect the desired object of bringing him down, generally termed throwing him by the spectators, but, by some hardy and unrefined practisers of the exercise, broadly, we must own, rather brutally, called felling him. These methods are much more various and complicated in close-hold wrestling than in any other mode; which diversity we conceive to be a strong proof of the superiority of this exercise to any other, which indeed is evinced by the great interest it never has failed to excite;—a diversity which must be regarded as characteristic of something noble and manly, as it can be occasioned only by a contest of men. The most general and usual methods are those which follow:

Throwing men by lifting them from off the ground, and rapidly placing one of the knees between their thighs, is now become very common all over Cumberland and Westmoreland. It was, however, very little known between the rivers Derwent and Duddon till within the last thirty years. It is generally called *hiping*, we conceive from the supposed great use of the hip in the execution of it. There is, however, too essential a difference in the modes of practising it for any genral agreement in the propriety of the term. An explanation of one or two of these modes may serve to elucidate the point; give the reader some idea as to the propriety of the term, and enable him to ascertain the accuracy of our definition of it.

When, immediately on lifting, the knee and thigh are thrown in and forced upwards, so that, quickly wheeling the whole frame to the contrary side, the assailant is enabled, when turning his man with his arms and delivering him from his breast, to pitch him with his hip, (which will then be close against the lower part of his opponent's belly,) in such a manner that, not being able to catch the ground with either foot, he is thrown upon his back—an operation which requires a close hold, and great rapidity in the execution of it—we conceive it may, with propriety, be provincially called *hiping*. Thomas Richardson, of Heskit, commonly called the *dyer*, is allowed to be one, if not the very best hiper among the present list of Cumbrian wrestlers.

But when, on lifting, the superior length of the assailant enables him to throw his leg so high that his opponent is turned by the action of the knee against the inside of his thigh, and the simultaneous effort of the arms and breast, as was generally practised by the celebrated William Wilson, of Ambleside, we conceive the proper appellation to be, inside striking. That it is quite a different mode from what we have termed hiping, is still more evident by some wrestlers lifting their man, and waiting some time for an opportunity; when this is the case, the fall is usually occasioned by the knee, aided by the dexterous management of the arms only, and does not require the men being so close to each other as hiping. This method is now become very common, and if the term striking can be as properly, as it is commonly applied to wrestling, we think it can admit of no definition but an inside stroke.

It is an invariable maxim, that when a man is determined to make play, the sooner he does it, and the quicker he is in doing it, the greater will be his chance of succeeding. To guard against an inside stroke, or hipe, the defendant should if possible keep himself on the ground. To do this, he must either lift against his opponent, or, slackening his own hold, endeavor, by wrenching his body from his opponent's grasp, to plant himself, as it were, to the ground, striving at the same time to keep his opponent off with his breast, and if possible to shrink it underneath his assailant's. If he succeed in this latter mode, he should be on the alert to secure such a hold, when his opponent attacks him, [which he cannot do without in some measure giving his body within the compass of his grasp,] as will ensure him victory. It is true, a skillful wrestler will be very careful when he hazards an attack to keep his right arm well up, to prevent his opponent getting a low hold of him; but still, if he does not succeed, one equally skillful will inevitably gain some advantage by it, such as catching his heel, mending his *hold*, or attacking him in turn, before he can recover his balance. If the defendant cannot prevent his opponent from lifting him, he must endeavor, by shrinking his body, to give him the greatest weight upon his breast he possibly can, and instantaneously try to fix his knees and feet so as to prevent the assailant from getting his knee between his thighs, and, at the same time, so as fully to inform himself of every meditated movement the moment it is attempted. If he thus succeeds in checking the first assault, and be equal, or nearly so, to the assailant, he ought to win the fall. As these observations will, with some trifling deviations, apply to lifting in general, we shall not have occasion to dwell much in future upon that particular subject.

The methods of assailing a man on either side are various. They may, however, be reduced to the four principal ones, namely: striking with the knee,—the leg,—the foot,—and the leg and foot alternately. The first is done by striking with great pith and force with either of the knees, though generally the left, against the outside of an opponent's knee or thigh; and by the force of the stroke, and the corresponding movement of the arms, first force him from, and then turn him upon the ground. Slee, of Dacre, who won the prize at Penrith races in the year 1813, was, in our judgment, the best at this stroke of any man we ever saw practice it. Sometimes it is made use of after lifting, by throwing the knee outside an opponent's thigh; a method we have in *propria personæ* often practised with great success. The second is generally termed in and out, owing to striking out with the leg, so that the knee of the assailant is outside his opponent's and the foot inside his anole, or small of the leg, ---thus placing a kind of lock upon the knee and leg. This is a very common mode with many first-rate, as well as inferior, wrestlers. The third mode is usually called a chip, and is effected by trying to swing an opponent round, and strike the wrist of the foot against the outside of his leg or ancle, or, as in the preceding mode, by doing so, and turning him with the assistance of the arms; a method which Thomas Golightly (now no more) excelled in, and in which we have seen Nicholson himself evince much dexterity. It in general requires more dexterity than any of the preceding modes. The fourth is effected by striking an antagonist from the ground with the leg, either outside, or in and out, with the assistance of the arms; and instantly adanting that foot upon the ground, s' e with the other across his further ' befor he reaches the ground. This ' oke requires great quickness and acti ' y, and is, when well executed, one ' f the surest and neatest methods of wrestling practised. The best and cleanest practiser of this mode we ever knew, or heard of, was William Ponsonby, of Endside, near Egremont, who retired from the ring nearly twenty years ago. He displayed such uncommon dexterity in this stroke, that his feet might frequently have been heard at a considerable distance, succeeding each other against his opponent's legs like two distinct claps of the hand:—it is at the present time by no means unusual.

Although we have classed outside striking under four principal heads, yet it is to be observed that the occasions on which they are resorted to are extremely various; being often used as sufficient of themselves, sometimes as precursors to other meditated attacks, and, not unfrequently, subsequent to other movements. As a clear explanation of their nature, and the different modes of using them, are a sufficient means of information to enable any practiser of wrestling to judge what are the surest methods of guarding against them, it is unnecessary to obtain our readers any longer on this particular subject.

When one party gets a leg behind an opponent's, it is called haming, or catching his heel, according to the manner in which it is done. If the legs are intertwined with each other, or if the heel of the assailant is above the small of the defendant's leg, it is usually termed haming: for no other reason that we can divine, except from the strength required in the ham, either for accelerating, or defending the attack. Sometimes a ham is practised at the moment of taking hold, or when taken off the ground, by rapidly striking the heel behind the knee; as the sinews of the person lifting are then at full stretch; if the party lifting do it forcibly, and can throw the full weight of his body along with it, it is often effective. Haming, as well as catching the heel, is indiscriminately practised, either as attacks of themselves, or as auxiliaries to other attacks. To guard against a ham, the defendant should feel his feet firm upon the ground, slack his hold, and bear forward with his breast against the assailant's. If he succeed in this, he should endeavor to, if the ham be persevered in, to turn or twist his opponent over by wheeling him off his breast to the opposite side, as he will have only one leg on the ground; but, should he quit the ham, no time should be lost in closing the hands lower down upon his back, and becoming the assailant in turn.

Catching the heel is often quite a difficult operation;—its object generally is to force the foot forward by rapidly striking the heel against the heel or ancle of the defendant. Should it not prove immediately effective, yet if the defendant stagger, and ultimately falls by not being able to extricate himself from it, it is usually called hankering the heel. Catching the heel may be practised either on the outside, or inside; and, if done with force and quickness, it is a very difficult manœuvre to guard against, and a wrestler known to be expert in catching, or hankering, is generally as little fancied for an opponent as one skilled in any other mode whatever. Thomas Nicholson of Threlkeld, who won at Carlisle for three successive years, was a forcible illustrator of this mode. He was certainly good at it, and though by no means wanting in many other modes, yet he was more indebted to this method for victory than all the rest put together. There is another mode somewhat similar to those last mentioned, by which falls, particularly among new beginners, or novices, are often decided. This may be termed twining over the knee, as it is effected by getting the knee outside and twining an opponent over it.

It is not our intention to dwell on what is often indiscriminately termed hanching, henching, hipping, buttocking, or crossbuttocking, as they are all effected in nearly the same manner; and in fact, whatever they may be fancically called, the breast and side are oftentimes, though not always, as much used as the hip, or what is the most general appellation, the buttock. A man skilled in this method of wrestling generally strives for a loose hold, and it is the left side which is mostly used for effecting the desired object. By stepping partly in, and crossways with the left foot twining the body in, and throwing the buttock underneath the belly, the defendant is, by the assailant's arms being kept tight round his neck or shoulders, hoisted on, and thrown off, or over the side, or buttock; as the latter is by the act of stepping thrown farthest in, it has acquired the name of buttocking; and, when the leg or foot gets quite across the defendant's body, of crossbuttocking; though even then, it is evident, unless the effort was seconded by the arms and higher part of the body, the act of throwing the leg across would be fatal to the aggressor. Sometimes when the assailant perceives, or feels his man staggered, or balanced upon his side, or buttock, he is so circumstanced as to be able to strike with one of his feet across the shins; when this is done the fall is often clean and effective. At other times the situation admits of getting the leg, or foot, behind both of the defendant's; when this happens it is in some places called grandy-stepping. It sometimes happens that the assailant, by turning in quickly with very loose holds, gets into a position exactly before or with his back to his opponent; in that case, if he do not, by keeping his hands fast, and stooping forward, throw him over his head and shoulders, his situation is a dangerous one for losing the fall. In short, the modes of assault and defense, in this most manly of all exercises, are so diversified, that a volume might be filled by illustrating that part of our subject only. The act of buttocking, slipping from the side or breast, and in fact, of every thing that constitutes the science of wrestling, depends much upon the different situations which may occur in a contest; and the judgment formed by feeling with the chest, and breast, what kind of assault is most likely to prove effective: and, generally speaking, quickness in assault, and promtitude in judiciously availing himself of any circumstance that may arise during the struggle, may be called the distinguishing characteristics of a good and scientific wrestler.

Opinions respecting the best mode of standing, when taking hold, are no doubt various, and the particular method of wrestling usually adopted by the antagonist to be encountered, in order to counteract his intention as well as keeping in view the method he himself excels in, will always have some influence on every judicious wrestler. In the rule solely devoted to the purpose of obliging those to take hold who cannot themselves agree about it, we found it absolutely necessary to fix some standard for regulating the hold. Any wrestler need not be told that the subject is the most difficult one that could arise; and that one certain standard is indispensible. Making proper allowance for any man's mode of wrestling, except it be in an extreme of tight (the usual epithet for a close or a fast hold) or slack, we are fully prepared to maintain that the standard we have fixed on is the best and most judicious that can be adopted. It is usual for men wishing to take more than a fair hold to shrink their own breast underneath their opponent's, and pin his arm to his side, close to the elbow;—the merest novice in the art will not permit this, and yet the shorter man will argue they ought to stand straight up! Knee to knee is sometimes with equal absurdity proposed; for unless the men are of the exactly the same demensions upwards, it does not in the least alter the subject of dispute. A hat, or stick, is often laid down, and the men are required to bring their toes up to the mark. The monstrous absurdity of the ridiculous position this will place men of different sizes in, with their feet close together, and what is sometimes joosely termed the seat of honor of the taller man hung back, needs no comment. No certain distance between the toes can be equally applicable to all; and, therefore, the distance which will admit both feeling themselves at ease, and firmly on the ground, may soon be settled between them with the assistance of the umpire, as breast to breast is the only mode of placing them on an equal footing. Many wrestlers are fond of leaning to the left side, a habit acquired while in their novitiate by the desire of seeing their opponent's feet, or at least his right foot. This latter circumstance is of no material advantage of itself, as it is the feel and not the sight which generally regulates the movements of a good wrestler, especially at the commencement of a contest, as is sufficiently evident from the fact, that one man, decidedly the master of another, will throw him blindfolded. This lean to the left, as with many it is a supposed advantage, and therefore, often a considerable obstacle to their getting hold, is worthy of some consideration in regard to its utility, both in assaulting and defending; and therfore though a dry, complex subject to some of our readers, yet as many wrestlers will deem it important and interesting, it is our duty to attempt some elucidation of the subject.

It must be sufficiently evident to all, that leaning to either side is a deviation from the natural and true center of balance; and of course will lay some stress upon or partly brace, the muscles on the oposite side. Thus if the lean be to the left side, the muscles of the right, from the neck to the foot downwards, will be proportionably braced, as those on the left are contracted in with the body; and part of the weight of the body by being thrown upon the right arm of the opponent, will detract in a corresponding degree from the weight upon, or firmness of, the feet upon the ground. Now it is certain that the easier and firmer any wrestler feels himself upon the ground, the less stress there will be upon the arms and breast; and that when all the powers of the frame can at once be brought effectively into action, the more vigorous will be the attack. It is to be remarked, that these obstacles apply even to an attack with the left leg; while the lean, being from the right, must of course greatly detract from the force of any intended effort to throw an opponent to that side; and the position itself totally precludes the idea of an effective buttock; because, instead of facilitating the act of getting the foot partly across, or the breast underneath, it acts in the reverse, by contributing to place the body on the outside,—an unavoidable consequence of the lean. As for buttocking with the right side, there are very few who ever attempt it, except it is after an outside stroke with the left leg; because, in taking hold, the left arm is always above the right; and consequeutly, when the hold is loose, there is no material obstacle to prevent that side from being thrown in; whereas, the right arm being underneath the outer, prevents that side from being brought into action with equal freedom and facility; notwithstanding this, there are some few who contrive to throw in the right side with considerable effect; yet, against a good wrestler, it must always be considered a losing chance.

It is observable that these remarks apply to the act of taking hold before the contest is begun. The lean to the left acquired after, or during a struggle, is quite a different thing. It is then a certain sign, either that the opponent has lost all command of the hold, or that both parties have their arms round each other's neck. If the former be the case, it necessarily implies that the party who has the lean, and broke his opponent's hold, has himself got a commanding one, is standing perfectly at ease, and is nearly sure of the fall; while his adversary, scarcely able to preserve an upright position and without hold, is incapable of making any offensive effort which is likely to succeed. The only thing he can do, is to attempt to get his side in, and try to buttock; but the other, perfectly aware of his movements, will probably catch him under the ribs, and often dispose of him with ease and safety. If both parties have lost hold of the back, he who has the lean is much more advantageously situated than his opponent; he stands freer with his neck, and easier with his body, and is consequently more at liberty to assault or defend with a much greater prospect of success. As the two most important objects in wrestling—namely, hold, and feeling with the breast, are, in that situation, of comparatively little consequence, a view of the right leg becomes an object of some consideration, as it implies the fact of the right arm being more up, and the left more down, than his antagonist's [if the men have any hold] can possibly be; as the left buttock is then the only attack that his opponent can make, and which he cannot make without moving the right leg. On the other hand, the person possessing the lean is by no means in so confined a situation. By standing perfectly at ease, he can choose his time of assault, or is fully prepared to avail himself of any effort his antagonist can make; and if he be a good striker with the left leg across the skin, he has every chance of doing so with success; which he ought not to defer doing, lest his antagonist should wrench his head loose, and thus oblige him to forfeit his advantage by taking a fresh hold.

Having thus proved that leaning to one side when the men are supposed to be on equal terms, and acquiring a commanding lean after the contest is begun, are two very different things, it remains for us to consider the advantage, or disadvantage, of the lean to the left side, as it regards the efficacy of repelling or guarding an attack. As this lean, which implies laying an additional weight upon an opponent's right arm at the commencement of a contest, when the holds are, or ought to be, equally low round the arm and body, cannot be done without detracting from the firmness of the feet upon the ground, it must apparently impede the act of guarding, either a judicious stroke, or buttock: for although it may be a preventive to his being turned to the right side by an outside stroke with the left leg, yet it must proportionably facilitate his being turned to the left side, by the left leg inside, or by the right outside; and hanging his weight to the left side, so far from the centre or balance, is certainly the very thing a good buttocker, or slipper from the breast, would desire. It likewise is not, as some imagine, any obstacle to his being lifted from the ground; because, by hanging his weight downwards, he has not an immediate command of his strength, to counteract the lift of his opponent; and instead of bearing him forward with his breast and arms, he has one hanging upon him, and the other closely locked round him. His antagonist, so far from having an additional weight to lift, has only the same weight in a more favorable position for lifting it; because, having the greater part already, he has only that part to raise higher, and the other comes by degrees upon him, and the weight he has to sustain is close at him; whereas, were his antagonist lifting, or bearing against him, the weight would come upon him at once, and would be farther from him. Again, the weight of a man is so far from being equal to his strength, that if no impediment were thrown in the way by lifting against, or bearing forward with the arms and breast, a man of ten stone weight would easily lift one of twenty. When lifted, the lean is an evident disadvantage; as it tends to

threw him from the exact front of his opponent, it must of course be a considerable impediment to clapping the knees, or legs, close upon him to prevent his striking out, and feeling in what manner, and with what leg, he intends to do it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Late English Sporting News.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

[*From Bell's Life in London, February 26.*]

FEB 28. Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

APRIL 11. The Spider and Alfred Walker---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham---£100 a side, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

Paddock and Poulson.

Last Thursday evening having been fixed upon as the time when the stakes (£200) should be handed over to Tom Paddock, the victor in the late well contested battle, and Alec Keene's "hostelrie," the Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, as the *locus* wherein that ceremonial was to take place, a strong muster of the "noble art" assembled at an early period to witness the presentation of the "Californian" to the doughty hero of Redditch. As eleven o'clock approached, and the *facetiæ* of even Jerry Noon were nearly exhausted, the stakeholder's representative stood up, and approaching Paddock, assured him that it gave him very great pleasure to discharge the duty which then devolved upon him, namely, to present him with the "reward of valor," which he had so manfully struggled for, and so honorably obtained. He then made some observations on the recent fight, and remarked that nothing could tend more to the resuscitation of the P. R., than such fair and honest conduct, combined with courage and intrepidity of the very first character, as was displayed upon that occasion. "May the best man win," was the wish of every true sportsman, and he thought it was fully realised in the recent encounter. Yet, though vanquished, he considered Poulson "great, even in defeat," and one who would prove an "ugly customer" to any man of his own time of life, who might be solicitous of having a "taste of his qualities." He then handed the £200 to Paddock, amidst deafening cheers. Paddock expressed his gratitude to his friends around for their kind demonstration of good feeling towards him. He said he had won the battle fairly, although, he must confess, he had no sinecure in getting the better of his friend Harry (the men sat together in the most amicable manner possible, and bore no marks of their late severe battle.) He hoped that the gentlemen present would not forget the beaten man, and he should lead the movement by presenting him with five sovereigns. Paddock then made a collection, when the sum of £9 19s was received for Poulson, who returned thanks, and admitted that he had lost the battle, and lost it fairly, but expressed a hope that he would be more successful should he ever again enter the ring. Paddock's chief backer declared his willingness to stand £25 or £50 with Poulson, in any future fight, and Alec Keene assured him he should not want a backer as long as he had "a quid in his city." A scene of harmony and conviviality followed, and it was a late hour before "the boys" separated. A subscription has been opened for Poulson, at Jack Callaghan's, Shamrock, Ashbourne road, Derby, and, we hear, is already very successful. Many gentlemen who took colors have paid for them the same as if Poulson had won the battle.

We have received the following letter from Caunt, respecting Jerry Noon's conduct in throwing up the sponge for Poulson. We print the letter as we received it, but we cannot help again expressing our opinion that Jerry was perfectly justified in the course he pursued, and that, although Poulson's backers may think their man was capable of "going in" for ten more rounds, we think that, at the conclusion of each of those ten rounds, he would have found himself in a worse condition than at the commencement, and that all chance for his winning, bar an accident, had long vanished when Jerry prudently gave in for him:

"MR. EDITOR: A thousand rumors have been in circulation respecting the issue of the late contest between Poulson and Paddock; and in your report of the fight last week, my conduct was animadverted upon, in protesting against what I contend to have been unjustifiable conduct on the part of Jerry Noon in throwing up the sponge. As one who had more than the interest of a mere spectator in the transaction, I may be allowed to reiterate my firm opinion, that that proceeding was unwarranted, either by the physical conditon of Poulson, or the expressed wish of his partizans. It is not alone upon my own word, but according to the testimony of very many of Poulson's backers, that I now declare that he was capable of going in for at least ten rounds at the very time his second [who was his worst enemy] so feelingly gave in for him. No man can regret more than I the cause of a squabble either during or after a mill. No man has more reason to do so; and, therefore, it is with reluctance that I press you, upon the feeling of fair play, under which, I trust, we both act, to give expression to this refutation of a charge of vexatious interference that is calculated to prejudice my conduct in the eyes of the public. If more proof be required than my word, I am ready to produce a number of Poulson's backers to bear me out in my assertion.

"Yours, &c., BENJAMIN CAUNT.

Cossk and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, Feb. 24, 1854.

P. S. "The many recriminations of Jerry Noon over this affair scarcely require comment. On the ground he declared that Jack Callaghan threw up the sponge. He afterwards stated that he himself threw it up; but with no intention of staying the contest; and to you, sir, he admitted that he threw it up for that very purpose. Is not this blowing hot and cold with a vengeance?"

Fight for Tuesday Next.

SAYERS AND SIMS, £50 TO £25.—The final deposit of £10 to £5, for the match between Sayers and Sims, was made at Alec Keene's, on Wednesday night, and the fight comes off on Tuesday. Both are reported to be right well. They are confined to 10st 7lb, and are to go to scale between eleven and two-tomorrow, at Mr. Coker's, Weaver's Arms, Edward-street, Kings-land-road. Sayers and his doings are too familiar to our readers to require comment at present. He has been at training at Brighton since he left Tom Paddock. Sims has only made one appearance in the P. R., namely, with Jem Parker, brother to Con. He is a lathy young fellow, nearly six feet in height, and will of course have a great advantage over his adversary in length. This, however, it is believed, will be more than balanced by the superior skill and experience of Tom Sayers, and that the latter is himself confident of his powers, the odds of 2 to 1 fully prove.

Fight between Malpas of Dudley, and Brettle of Birmingham, for £50 aside.

The match between these men has been looked forward to with a great deal of interest from its commencement. Malpas is well known as a man who can take a deal of punishment without flinching. He is by no means a finished pugilist, but his deliveries are tremendous. Brettle has not before figured in the Ring, and with the exception of a few purse battles this was his first appearance. The men, who were in good condition, went to scale on Monday, at Parker's, Westbromich, and both came within the stipulated 9st 10lb. The fixture was Defford Common, nine miles beyond Worcester. There was a large attendance from Birmingham, Dudley, and the surrounding districts, and rather a novel scene presented itself just previous to the fight commencing. The Worcestershire hounds were out, and having run their fox to earth, the majority of the hunt came up to witness the fight, and remained throughout the affray. Malpas was attended by Ben Terry and Dan Roberts, and Brettle by Tom Davies and Curley Harrison. The referee was Eden, the milkman. At half-past twelve business commenced. Both were steady and cautious at first. In the first round Brettle drew claret from the mouth of Malpas, and in the second round he planted on the same spot, and also on the nose, from which organ he also produced the ruby. Malpas returned heavily on the nob and ribs, but the hitting was decidedly in favor of Brettle, who obtained the first knock down blow. After this his advantage became more apparent. He planted heavily on the eyes, nose, and mouth of Malpas, who was nearly blind, and received only an occasional visitation in return. Malpas, however, succeeded in putting up the dead light on one of his peepers. In the 80th round, Terry, perceiving that Malpas had had *quantum suff*, wished him to give in, but this Malpas declined, and again they went at it, but the renewal of the combat only had the effect of making Brettle's advantage the more apparent. In the 88th round, both came up weak, but Malpas was decidedly groggy. Brettle nailed him on the snout, and Malpas fell. Here Ben Terry, on the part of Malpas, raised a cry of "foul." Eden said *he did not see it*, and ordered them to fight on; but Terry and Roberts rushed across the ring and said Brettle had struck him while on the ground. The ring was immediately broken in, and a scene of confusion ensued. The referee was surrounded on all sides. He was again appealed to, when he cried "*foul*," and gave his decision that Malpas was the winner, much to the surprise of every one, it being patent to all that Malpas had not a chance to win, barring a foul. We have received numerous letters from gentlemen who were present at the fight, expressing their disgust at the conduct of the referee in giving two decisions, and all unanimously agree in stating their belief that no foul blow was struck, and that Brettle must have won had everything been conducted in a straightforward manner. We have been called upon for our decision in the matter, which it is somewhat difficult to give. Eden has sent us his written decision that Malpas won, but our reporter informs us that he undoubtedly gave two decisions, and this being the case, we are of opinion that the decisions go for nothing, and the men must fight again. It appears to have been an out-and-out good fight, and had it only terminated satisfactorily, would have reflected infinite credit on the Midland Counties fancy. We hear that upwards of £11 were gathered from gentlemen on the ground, for Malpas, on an understanding that he was the loser of the fight. (What has become of the money-or who holds it?)—*Bell's Life in London, Feb.* 19.

Malpas and Brettle.

In this disputed affair we are still undecided as to the course to be pursued. The referee (Eden the Milkman) called on us on Tuesday, and positively stated that he gave but one decision, and that was, that Brettle had struck Malpas foul in the last round. A gentleman who accompanied Eden, but who did not give his name, corroborated this statement, and added that the collection made for the losing man was only 10s. instead of £11. We have since seen several gentlemen who were present at the fight, who directly contradict Eden's declarstion, and say he ordered the men to "fight on" after the appeal, but that Ben. Terry immediately went up to him and induced him to reverse his decision. They say they will willingly coufront Eden, and defy him to contradict them. Others also affirm that the subscription for the loser did amount to £11, and a gentleman, who called on us on Friday, stated that he saw one spectator alone give £3. There appears so much contradictory evidence in the case that we cannot undertake to decide it without a meeting, and we therefore call upon the men and their friends to meet at our office on Thursday week, at one o'clock, in order that the case may be fairly gone into.—*Ibid, Feb.* 26.

Wrestling.

SAVILLE HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mons. Henry's challenge to give a gold watch to any man who could succeed in throwing him a fair back fall, in the French style, having been accepted by Greenhough, Hadden, and Morland (Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestlers), the match came off on Wednesday 22d Feb., before an immense number of persons. Morland was unable to attend through illness. Mons. Henry was again victorious, throwing both his opponents in clever style. Hadden's fall was disputed, but the objection over-ruled. Two Cornish wrestlers, Cockyer and Lucas, have entered their names for a trial with him. Cockyer is the man who threw Pierre Mason in his match with him, but that was played each according to his own style.

AT SAVILLE HOUSE—W. TIFFIN AND WILLIAMSON.—The exciting match between the above men, Tiffin taking £14 to £12, came off on Tuesday evening last, at Saville House, Leicester-square, and attracted a large muster of the lovers of the sport. Both men were well known as clever light weight wrestlers in the Cumberland and Westmoreland style, Williamson holding the belt, as the Champion of the light weights. The match was to be decided in the best three in five falls, and neither to exceed 9st. The play commenced shortly after eight o'clock, the betting being 5 to 4 on Tiffin, at which price a good deal was got on. After some cautious play, Williamson obtained the first fall, Tiffin the next and two succeeding falls, and won the match.

On Wednesday evening Mons Henry, the celebrated French wrestler, appeared on the stage, prepared to contest with any man, according to his challenge in our last week's paper, and give a gold watch in case he was thrown. Scott and Ivison had entered their names for the trial. But Ivison, having met with an accident the previous evening, which quite disabled him for that occasion, Scott, therefore, was the only opponent of the Frenchman, but was unable to throw him. The play is according to the French style, which differs materially from others, consequently those who enter the list with M Henry. will labour under great disadvantage, though many still consider that a man of equal weight could throw him. Mons. H. is still willing to encounter any four or five men who may enter their names for the trial on Wednesday evening next.—Pierre Maison and Cockyn's match, which had been postponed from the previous Wednesday, was brought to a conclusion on Wednesday last. It was aggreed each man should play his own way, for £4, and it was won by Cockyn.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Banjo Question.

NEW YORK, March 14th, 1854.

To the Editor of the New York Clipper:

"Banjos esteemed barbarous, and passed as *unworthy of notice!*"

The above is the *published* opinion of the Committee on Musical Instruments, at the Crystal Palace.

I remember being at Christy's one evening, and seeing two of this *same Committee* express the most frantic delight at Briggs' banjo playing. Fact. Two of these very identical piano-racking, ivory-thumping, ebony-smashing, pedal-jambing musicians! Pay any one of this Committee five dollars per quarter, (some of them *do get* more,) and he will teach you that "music is an appeal to the emotions, through harmonical sounds." They have awarded premiums for those "stunnin'" brass horns, the diabolical braying of which begets only emotions of amazement! They have also awar d premiums to Accordians! (The exception for not placing this article in the machinery department, is its small chance of successful competition, as a *squeaking* valve is invariably damned.) But Banjos are "unworthy of notice." Everybody knows the fable, but *n'-importe*.

Briggs tells of an amusing scene which occurred while he was playing in London:

After the second night's performance had ended, Mons. Jullien (and "suite") burst into the green-room, and seizing Briggs' banjo, cried—a-la Shakspeare's witches—"Look what I have!"

1st Musician—"Show me!"
2 " "Show me!!"
3 " "Show me!!!"

Mons. Jullien—"Here I have ze grand banjo,—but by ze gar he will not *go!*"

Briggs finally escaped with his banjo, by a back window, minus the E string. During the melee, Jullien's *excessive* "tie" *all around*, was *hopelessly* ruined by the perspiration (caused by his intense interest) which poured in a perfect crevasse over it. Jullian shortly after closed at Covent Garden, and followed Briggs to America! *To this day, the shortest road to Julian's emotions, is the "Road to Jordan"—Banjo accompaniment.* NED CROTON.

Aquatics.

OUR CORNER, Philad. 20th March, '54.

TIDE WORK ON THE DELAWARE—NO. 2.

MR. EDITOR: A fast sailing yacht, with even a gunnel breeze, though it be ahead, can reach New Castle, or even Reedy Island light, in a tide; and as much, or we may say all, depends upon the *drift* being up or down stream, and the wind influencing in a great measure the course to be pursued, we shall therefore suppose the wind S. West, tide ebb. This point settled, therefore, we take the yarn up where we left off, and if we spin it out to a "long splice," you must e'en pardon us. We are now off Chester, and shall continue down the western channel, avoiding a too near acquaintance with Hook-bar, and giving the Delaware shore the preference of stretches. Thus we go until abreast of Quarryville buoy, when we are inclined to find the centre of the stream, (we are now alluding to the management of a yacht of light draft, say from 5 to 20 tons burthen,) and wishing to make *time*, are seeking not the deepest water, but the *strongest* tide. The Highlands of Christine are invariably held aboard by the "old salts," and quite a number of our crack river men, erroneously suppose this to be *the* track. The experience, however, of our veteran friends, Mark Whitall and Capt. B. Wilkins, two of the most celebrated and expert watermen of their day, and at a more recent period the water god, Galloway, and the facetious "Old One," have fully supported their illustrious antecedents in their preference for the Jersey channel. Guided, therefore, by the above mentioned *lights*, and our own experience, we work down to the eastward, but in doing so are particular to avoid the shoals. Lest we should lead the inexperienced astray, we will here state that if the tide should be nearly spent, or begins to slack, the western or ship's channel (as in every other instance of like nature) becomes, indeed, the correct one, as it is well known the tide will continue to ebb in the deep water, after it has been running up for a half hour on the flats or along shore,—but enough of this. We continue along the Jersey side of the stream down to the Ripples, or rather Bulk-head bar, which tends slightly to the westward, forming a triangle with the course of the river. We follow this mammoth shoal all the way around in from 300 to 400 yards stretches, but always keeping it to *larboard*. Here is another point of dispute, some declaring you should cross the *Swash* and go down to the eastward of Fort Delaware; such persons, however, are old timers or "bunk-heads." True, on a *young* ebb, this is doubtless the right course, but after the body tide has began to set down the main channel it is no longer the "cheese." Delaware city may be held close aboard, and so on down the Delaware shore to Shoal point, where a bar, running far off into the river, sets the tide well to the eastward. This mud bank must be kept to starboard until weathered on. The strongest current would recommend us to follow it, which flows still eastward, until met by the vast sheet of water from the back channel and Salem Cove, and is jotted down to the eastward of Reedy Island. This channel, therefore, would be our course, were we bound down the bay, but as we are obliged to turn this Island, and hence "*home again*," we must e'en forsake the tide, and proceed westward, turn the light, and stick the "critter's" nose straight in for the "Jarsey's." We wish it fairly understood that we recommend this mode of working the *tide*, always supposing the same to be *under us*, or more plainly speaking, running a "healthy ebb," otherwise 'twill not answer. We are now bound *up* stream with a fair wind, but with the tide against us; we are therefore obliged to find the *slack* water, which we shall strive to do in our next.

Yours, truly,
FLINTS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YACHTING.

Our Philadelphia friends are stirring in the matter of yachting, if we may judge by the following letter from a correspondent who seems well posted up in sporting affairs:

The yachting season will soon open and promises to be an unusually gay one. William Cornwell, Esq., has just "put up" a splendid yacht, so far as style and finish goes; but we do not like her model, it smacks too much of the "Uncle Oliver's" wall side, the "Orion's" round, bluff bow, and the mongrel after-body of the Irma, to make a very *fast* boat! Still, she looks neat and tidy, and her crew, a knowing, tough set of men, will move heaven and earth to make her *the* boat of the season. We shall see how they succeed—we heartily wish them all the success their skill and perseverance merits. Duke Albertson is building a yacht 75 feet deck for the present owners of the "Fawn." She was draughted by Com. Stephens, of your city, to whom all credit will be due if she prove to be a "goer." Her lines are easy, sharp fore and aft, hollow floor, wide transon. lean harping, and in short is a dem'd pretty thing to look at; we would not be surprised if she turns out to be *nearly the right shape*. Messrs. Wood & Bro., will soon complete a yacht 50 feet long for Mr. Loper. These gentlemen understand their business thoroughly, and are a credit to the profession! We predict their efforts will be crowned with success! She Bianca will have to brush up her "Sunday clean" and look out that her glory does not depart from her. James Fennimore, Esq., of Burlington, is the *ne plus ultra* of a Boat Builder; we really think he is the Alpha and the Omega of the trade. He has an order for one or more yachts which he will soon have under way. We want no better guarantee of their *speed*, than that he is to build them. This gentleman knows no such word as *fail*. His boats have never been beaten by boats of their size, making one exception: the Runaway was beaten last summer by the Clark, of New York. *We very much doubt, however, if that dose can be repeated*; if you think so, gentlemen, "sock the tin."

Mr. Weeks has ready for launching a beautiful little boat, also, "Capt. Taylor," of Camden. We imagine the latter boat will not be much, seeing she is the production of the *ninth part of man*—we'll see, we'll see. The yacht Wilcox, is undergoing alterations, which, it is supposed, will prove beneficial; we trust it may, for she really needs it. The Flying Cloud, Keyser, Broom. and Rapid, are also in repairs, and will be out soon sporting their proud rags. The Bianca, or more familiarly, the *Old Black Snake*, in the meantime, is "laying low;" look out for her boys, she has not forgot how to come out of a *tight* place yet, or to "double corners" either. She has a bad habit of always turning up *first boat*, which trick she must be broken of.

We shall be in the ring ourselves, Mr. Editor, and as soon as any thing in the boating world turns up, we shall dot it down to you, that is, if it be agreeable. In the meantime I beg you to remember me as Yours, truly, FLINTS.

THE BALL SEASON.

Prof. Kilfoil's Grand Complimentary Ball.

The National Hotel was illuminated on Wednesday evening last, with the beauty and elite of Gotham. The saloon, which is a most splendid one, presented a gay and lively appearance. Although excessively crowded, the enjoyment was not in the least marred. Everything was as joyous as the marriage bell.

The captivating Miss M. T—or, of 28th street, was undoubtedly the Belle of the Ball. She was attired in a rich blue satin dress. Her mild and unassuming manners won for her the esteem of all present. The young gentleman who accompanied her understood doing the amiable.

Next we observed the beautiful Miss D—ly, of Elizabeth street, surrounded by solicitors for the next dance, some of whom might be in *chancery*, as it was quite difficult *to get an opportunity*.

Mr. John McAnnally was present, with his charming lady.

Mrs. C—ll, of M—y street, was as lively as a cricket.

The Misses L—ge, of Waverley Place, and the Misses M—n, of 13th street, looked exceedingly well. They were attired in plaid silk dresses.

Mr. Black and lady seemed well pleased with the affair.

During the evening the Highland Fling and Hornpipe were well executed by Miss Louisa Kerr. We think we never saw the Fling better performed than it was on this occasion by a very *petite* young lady—Miss Gallagher. She may be termed a Terpsichorean wonder. Both of these young ladies are pupils of the Professor's.

At the supper table a very just appreciation of the *viands was apparent*.

We say, in conclusion, that this ball was the best complimentary we have ever attended, and trust that Mr. Killfoil may have many more.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MARCH 25, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
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MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
ABBE & YATES, 20 Ann Street,

Notice.

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All orders should be addressed to HARRISON TRENT, proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 150 Fulton street.

Answers to Correspondents.

Two Firemen.—Philadelphia.—"1—Which is the best and most active engine company in Philadelphia, the Weccacoe or Franklin? 2—Which is the fastest and most serviceable company between the hours of 10 P. M. and 6. A. M.?" 1 As "Two Firemen," between themselves, seem to have settled in their own minds that either the Weccacoe, *or* the Franklin is the best and most active engine in Philaderphia, we think it would be rather indelicate in us to make a *closer* distinction, especially when it is well known there are many companies equally as active as the Weccacoe or Franklin. 2—As we do not go to fires in Philadelphia between the hours of 10 P. M. and 6 A M., "Two Firemen" must excuse us for being unable to answer their second query.

K. D & A. T. & Co., Hudson.—Informs us if Yankee Sullivan, in his fight with Tom Hyer, could not have slipped down to avoid punishment, after a blow was given and received? 2. Was not Sullivan a friend and adviser of Lilly? 2. Has there been an answer to that challenge sent over to England. 4. Did not a man named Harrington accept Hyer's challenge for $10,000? 5. What is the price of a pair of boxing gloves, and where can they be had?" 1. According to the articles of the Ring, he could not slip down to avoid punishment, except in a close. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. No. $5. They can be had at glove manufactories.

Dick Tinto, Lancingburgh.—"Do those persons who advertise that for $1 they will send to any address instructions by which persons of either sex, having one or two leisure hours a day, can make from $15 to $30 per week, really furnish what they say they will, or are they all humbugs. who take this method to catch the dollars of the "green guns." They are all swindlers, and should be incarcerated among those of their kind on Blackwell's Island.

A Subscriber.—"In a raffle between a friend and myself, he threw three aces, and claimed the prize, I throwing 3 two's. As a bet is pending on your decision, please inform me who is the winner. 2—What is the highest throw with dice in Raffles." 1—You win. 2—Sixes.

J. W. S & Co., Brooklyn.—"1 Where can a few boys be taught to learn music on the violin or flute? 2. Where is the Sixpenny Saving's Bank located in New York?" 1. You will doubtless find the direction of a good teacher advertised in some of the papers. 2. Broadway near Anthony.

Amateur.—Izzy Lazarus was born on the 9th of Feb., 1812, and before he became so corpulent his fighting weight was 9st 10lbs. 2 We do not think Izzy is in proper trim for a fight at the present time. Call in at 4 James street and take a look at him.

J. Brown.—We received nothing from you last week and know nothing of the affair you speak of. We shall probably be on hand at the next deposit, when we may become better acquainted with the facts spoken of in your letter.

Brooklyn.—1. We do not think Coit is anxious for a match, or the odds offered in our last would have brought him out. 2. The terms offered were according to the rules of wrestling.

Tow Boat, Philadelphia.—Your statement of a prize fight between two of the Marshall's Police, not having a responsible name attached to it, we must decline its publication.

Checkgiving Club, Philadelphia.—A good work on the game of Chess can be had at some of the large bookstores in Philadelphia. Try "Walker on Chess."

Constant Reader.—The 100 miles trot was accomplished by a gelding, on the 8th of November last, in *eight hours, fifty-five minutes, and fifty-three seconds.*

Garion Cohergia, Wilmington, Del.—We cannot make out your question. You have made some mistake. Write again.

Billy Barlow.—Yes—the match between Johnny Walker and Bill Hayes is going on. See another column.

Runner.—We believe the quickest time in which a mile has been run was 4 minutes and 28 seconds.

Collegian.—Will be happy to take a glance at the "Fast Man," and if suitable will give him a place.

B. X.—PIGEON SHOOTING.—We think he should be allowed another bird.

Hard up.—The Referee having decided in favor of Barlow, you must pay up.

C. W. R.—ALL FOURS.—The ace, of course, goes out first.

Lilly Dale.—Mickey Free was tight on Monday last, in his race with Grindell.

J. F.,—Schuylkill Haven.—Not our fault.—Will inquire about it.

S. J. N., Williamsburgh.—We believe Jemmy Boyle never fought a regular prize fight.

Inquirer,—WHIST.—You cannot demand it.—There is no penalty.

W. Flagg.—Much obliged to you, but the article would hardly be interesting to our readers.

A. Jackson Dorsland.—Perhaps in our next. Would be pleased to hear from you again.

J. W. B.—We refer you to our account of the race in last week's Clipper.

Amateur.—Paddock fought Bendigo on the 5th of June, 1850.

Albert.—Hayes is the Champion of the light weights.

Fairy.—The race was doubtless a "sell."

Are we Right?

In proceeding in person on Monday of last week, to the Union Race Course, to witness the foot race between Freestone and Horton, we did so with the express view of giving our readers a correct and honest report of the doings of the day. We did give such a report in our paper of last week, and also inserted three communications in reference to the race. For doing so we have been severely censured by certain classes, and applauded by others. We did not, at the time we published the article, give any comments of our own, wishing to ascertain, if possible, the truth of the reports then current, that all parties might be heard in the matter, and receive justice, if they had been falsely spoken of. Sufficient evidence has now been received to make the case a plain one, and there is no manner of doubt that it was the intention of the knowing ones to reap a rich harvest at the expense of those not in the secret. In other words, we have it from indisputable authority that the race was *sold*, and that *the party buying were also sold!* The biters were bitten! A few lessons of this kind will, perhaps, be the means of putting a stop to this dishonest method, so often resorted to, of relieving the green ones of their blunt.

The disrepute into which the turf has fallen during the past few years, is owing in a great measure to matches being made to suit those directly in the secret. Advertisements were inserted in the papers of matches between the celebrated horses So-and-so for the sum of $1,000, or $5,000, aside, according to fancy. Now, perhaps, not five cents aside were staked on the result—the idea was to make money out of the sum demanded for admittance to witness the race. The knowing ones having settled beforehand which horse was to win, could easily make a good haul out of the flats, or strangers. Two celebrated horses, after going through several matches on Long Island last summer, were afterwards taken throughout the country, where matches were run, now this horse winning, now that one---in fact, a regular partnership concern---the profits no doubt being equally divided between the parties. People were beginning to get their eyes open, however, and so apparent were some of these frauds, that towards the close of the season, it was a difficult matter to attract a large attendance at a horse race.

If we wish to foster a love for the various sports and amusements to which this country has so long been a stranger, but which are so popular in England, we must act on honest principles. We must nip all fraudulent transactions in the bud, and where we discover that a fraud has been practised, let us shun the actors and abettors in the fraud, by refusing encouragement to them in future. By this course alone can we expect to create a love for sporting affairs.

How far we are deserving of censure for stating the facts as they occurred, in reference to the race between Barlow and Horton, we leave our readers to judge. We endeavored to do our duty to the public, and though in so doing we may have offended a few, we have the consolation in knowing that we have received the approbation of many.

Picking Hobbs' Locks.

Quite a sensation has been created in London from the announcement publicly made that John Goater, a workman in Messrs. Chubb's employ, had found out a simple plan by which any of Hobbs' locks could be picked, and that he had picked four new locks, without having seen either the keys or the inside, bought by different gentlemen in the city, who vouched for the truth of his statement. He explained the way in which he did it, viz., with a piece of watch spring and two common picks. The facts stated were not attempted to be denied.

It will be recollected that the most complicated locks made by Mr. Chubb, were picked with the greatest ease by Mr. Hobbs, at the time of the World's Fair Exhibition. It now appears that at a meeting of the Institute of Civil Engineers, Mr. Hobbs himself pointed out a defect which rendered a slight modification in arrangement necessary for the perfect security of his ordinary till locks. It was afterwards said that the workman alluded to had succeeded in picking these locks by the exact way explained by Mr. Hobbs. If we recollect right, Mr. Hobbs not only exhibited the *modus operandi*, but he furnished his auditors with the simple means necessary to prevent it—this plain and conscientious course, says an English paper, giving the greatest satisfaction to the meeting, being in strict keeping with that spirit which has marked the business emulation of this gentleman since he has been in England.

Push Along.

Our sporting friends seem determined to inculcate a love among our citizens for healthful and innocent amusements, as the vast concourse of citizens in attendance to witness the races on Monday, 13th, sufficiently attests. Nothing like sport!

A "Leetle" ahead of 2.40.

A skating match took place on the canal at Elmira, on Tuesday week, between Patrick Brown and George Tate, colored men; distance, one mile. Brown won the stakes, twenty dollars, with ease, coming out five rods ahead. Time, two minutes eight seconds. Five hundred dollars exchanged hands on the occasion.

Unprecedented and Startling Announcement.

GREAT GIFT LOTTERY AND ENTERPRIZE.

We see by the daily papers that several new gift enterprizes are under way, on a scale similar to the Perham affair, and as the proper authorities seem willing, by their silence and inaction in the matter, that our citizens should be again fleeced, we have thought of getting up a scheme on a more liberal and extended scale than anything of the kind heretofore attempted. The prizes will be confined to cash only, no books, or pictures, or other trumpery, but the real genuine simon pure currency of the country. The lottery laws proving a dead letter, we see no reason why the good old schemes of yore should not once more become fashionable. The association for the drawing of this contemplated lottery is composed of gentlemen of undoubted respectability and standing in the community, who will use every exertion in their power to make the said lottery fascinating to the public, and extremely satisfactory to themselves. The following is the scheme.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY,
Under the patronage of the Law-makers of New York.

The great success attending the late Lottery, has prompted the undersigned to undertake the management of the greatest enterprise since the days of GREGORY & Co. Look at this.

SCHEME!

1	Prize	of	$25,000!
1	"	"	15,000!!
4	prizes	of	10,000!!!
6	"	"	5,000!!!!
25	"	"	1,000!
50	"	"	500!!
100	"	"	250!!!
1,000	"	"	100!!!!
2,000	"	"	50!
5,000	"	"	25!!
10,000	"	"	10!!!
25,000	"	"	1!!!
100,000	prize	of	10 cents each!
200,000	"	"	5 " "
500,000	"	"	1 " "

In all EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN PRIZES!! to be distributed among the citizens of New York.

The number of tickets is limited to 500,000, at $1 each, so that it will be seen that while we receive but $500,000 for tickets, we actually give away in prizes $655,000, thus losing on the capital alone $155,500, without counting tickets given to the press in payment for advertising and puffing. Our interest in the welfare of the dear people of this too-frequently humbuggd community, is the only motive we have in view in consenting to lose this large sum of money.

Each holder of a ticket will be at liberty to visit Barnum's Museum, the Whole World, and Jones' Pantascope, three times a day, and will also have the privilege of going on an excursion in three steamboats to "that farm" in New Jersey. In case of magisterial interference, of which there is not the least apprehension, the directors pledge themselves to use every means in their power to make everything square.

It is confidently expected that all the tickets will be sold by the first of April, in which case, a committee will be appointed to *receive the prizes on behalf of the shareholders*; the appointing of the committee to be determined by the Directors.

Neither Perham, Jones, Hart or Jollie have any interest in this Grand Consolidated Scheming Lottery.

BILLY WIDKINS, Manager.

Professor Smith, Sec'y,

N. B. Full particulars in to-morrow's Herald, and in some other paper the next day.

Shooting the Apple.

We lately published a statement, that a man by the name of Travis, of New Orleans, was soon to make the experiment of shooting at an apple on a man's head. Upon reading it Mr. Nelson Lewis of Utica, (who recently figured in our columns in reference to a rifle match with Mr. Morgan James,) volunteered to support an apple in the way mentioned, which offer Mr. Morgan James took advantage of, by shooting at the mark at a distance of fifteen feet, with a pistol, hitting the apple twice out of three times! The time he failed to hit it the ball passed just above the apple. It is said Mr. James offers to pay twenty-five cents a shot at gold dollars, at a distance of 25 feet, as many times and as long as men can be found who can take delight in that manner of throwing their money away.

A New Pistol.

A pistol has just been invented by a citizen of Alton, Ill., which will prime itself and fire 35 times in succession, and so powerful is its discharge, that it will drive a ball through an inch plank at the distance of 100 yards. So it is said.

Crystal Palace.

Since Barnum took hold of the helm, things begin to look more squally than ever, and it is feared that he will prove another Jonah. Throw him overboard, gentlemen, if you would preserve your vessel.

Just the Thing.

Genin, the Hatter, has been appointed a Committee to see to cleansing the filth from Broadway. Well, he'll suit; but to what high station will his ambition next carry him?

Losses by Fire.

When a small store is destroyed by fire, and the occupant has an insurance upon the stock, a searching inquiry is at once instituted in order to ascertain the origin of the fire, and if possible to fasten the crime of arson upon the poor occupant. Now, we all know this to be the case. Of late, however, there have been numerous fires in large buildings, occupied as places of business by men holding high heads in the community, and yet the mere assertion of these men that so-and-so was the cause of the fire, is enough to satisfy those interested, and not the least shadow of suspicion is allowed to rest upon the fair-fame and standing of these highly respectable and much esteemed men of business. It is our candid opinion that if matters were thoroughly scrutinised, in cases of large fires, it would often be found to be the case that these respectable business men are themselves the incendiaries, and that the crime of arson is resorted to, in order to save them from the stigma of being unable or *unwilling* to meet their liabilities. How often is it the case that men whose places of business have been destroyed by fire, make money by the operation. They receive their insurance, oftentimes double the value of the goods destroyed, yet they themselves compel their creditors to accept 40 or 50 cents on the dollar, or lose all. This setting houses on fire seems to be a money-making business, and as it is increasing instead of decreasing, it behoves those whose duty it is to inquire well into the origin of every fire—take not the mere word of men because they are good business men, and in respectable standing, and own some property, for they are more capable of committing a criminal action to save themselves and property from ruin, than the poor man who depends upon his every day sales for a living. There are many of these highly respectable men who, if justice were impartially dealt out, would be serving out a term of imprisonment for arson, but who are now holding high stations in society, because of their respectability.

J. R. Scott.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Clipper:

DEAR SIR: Many of the friends and admirers of Mr. John R. Scott—who consider him as good an actor at present, as in days gone by, and far superior to many who assume to rank above him—take this method of entering their decided protest against his being, in order to gratify "young ambition," continually thrust in the background, as has occurred during his present, and former engagements, at the Bowery Theatre.

We publish the above communication with pleasure, because it affords us an opportunity of testifying our regard for one of the best actors this country ever produced, and one who is decidedly a favorite with all play-goers, not only in this city, but throughout the country at large. It is often the case that influences are brought to bear to keep this sterling old favorite in the background, in order to show off some young and less experienced actor. That such a state of things exists at the present time, there is no manner of doubt, and if it has not before attracted the attention of the friends of Mr. Scott, as well as the lovers of fair-play, it is owing to the fact that Mr. Scott would rather submit to these unjust proceedings than to be the means of creating ill-feeling and jealousies by speaking of them. In the cast of characters at the Bowery Theatre it is the opinion of those who support the theatre that the leading business should be confided to Mr. Scott, who is far more competent for that line of business than those who of late have been assigned the first parts. Those who endeavor to advance themselves at the expense of "Uncle John" should remember that the public have an interest in the matter, and however well satisfied an actor may feel in overreaching a general favorite, and an old and talented artist, it may be that that same public may take the matter in hand, and compel the management at the Bowery to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Mr. Scott is now pursuing the even tenor of his way—age is creeping upon him apace, and soon, perhaps, his voice will be heard no more at the temple of Thespis—let us not suffer him, therefore, to be crushed in order to make room for others less deserving, and whose merits, in comparison to those of J. R. Scott, are as a farthing rush-light to the brilliant "orb of day." Let the friends of "Uncle John" be on the look-out, and see that justice is meted out to him "though the heavens falls."

A Remarkable Meeting.

Lately a dinner took place at the house of the American Consul, Mr. Saunders, Weymouth street, Portland Place, London, at which, amongst other guests, there were—the American Ambassador, the American Vice Consul, Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, Arnold Ruge, Herzen (the wealthy Russian *emigré*) Worcell (the Pole), Garibaldi, and Orsini.

Dan Donnelly.

The conclusion of the Life and Battles of Dan Donnelly will be published in our next.

On the Outside.

The continuation of the interesting article on Wrestling will

How a Fast Trotter was taken down.

Every body knows H—— W——— or at least every sporting man knows him, for the turf is nothing without H——. Well, H—— has a horse which he intends shall "take down" everything on the track, after he gets him "broke in" a little more. Tom Dent, another celebrated sporting character, of Brooklyn, also has a pony, which Tom believes can "knock spots" out of H——'s nag, and accordingly, in order to put the matter to the test, Tom offered to match his pony against H——'s horse, but was unable to "get on," H—— having some doubts about the matter, and would prefer to wait a little while to find out the "pints" of Tom's horse. Here was a fix—two fast nags---good backers and no match. It was no use for Tom to urge J. I. S——— to prevail upon H—— to let his horse go in, for John I., having a little interest in the new nag himself, preferred "to wait a spell" before bringing him out. Tom, always alive for fun, determined that he *would* have a trial with H——'s new horse, and set himself to work to bring about the desired meeting.

It happened that some sporting gentlemen, including Dent and W———, were to meet at a Hotel at Howard's Hill, on the plank road, near East New York. Tom had previously arranged with "Smithy," a trainer and jockey, and a good hand at a joke, to attach his (Dent's) pony to a wagon load of hay, and come out the road as if hauling the hay for a customer. Well, on the day appointed, H——, with his horse, Tom, John I., and a host of other celebrities, were assembled at the house spoken of, and of course the principal topic of conversation was the superiority of horse-flesh over everything else on four legs. H—— thought *his* horse was a *leetle* bit the smartest nag on the Island. Tom Dent was certain *his* pony could take him down, but couldn't get H—— to come to terms. At last the load of hay hove in sight, which, Tom seeing, he immediately began to disparage Hiram's horse, saying he didn't believe he could beat any of the old farm horses there away. H——, of course, stuck up for his horse, and he promised to give Tom a chance *during the season*.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said Tom, as "Smithy," dressed like a country gawky, approached the hotel with his load of hay.

"Well, what will you do," said H—— never thinking that a trick could be played upon *him*.

"You see that horse with the load of hay behind him!—well, I'll bet $50 that he can beat your horse, and we'll not take him out of the hay wagon, while you may use a light wagon.

The crowd, thinking whoever won, that the stakes would furnish a capital dinner for the party, closed round the disputants, and urged H——— to "goin," and H——— *did* go in. The money was put up, and the nag brought out, while 'Smithy," having been made acquainted with the match, *was prevailed upon* for a share of the proceeds, to lend his horse and fixtures, himself included, for the occasion. The race was to be a mile out, on the plank road, and the animals were to be driven by their respective owners, H---- and the *countryman*. The horse of the latter, with the load of hay attached to him, took up more than his share of the road, but still there was room enough for H———'s horse and light wagon, and everything looked fair for a tip-top race.

Every hing being in readiness, the word was given, and away they went, "Smithy" with his load of hay, having the lead, and driving to this side, now to that side, completely preventing H—— from getting alongside, who, as might be expected, did not admire this style of driving, and so expressed him self to the countrymen in terms not to be misunderstood. But "Smithy," however, was not to be crowded off the track, as he said, by H—— "or any other d—d horse racer, and he,d let him know it, too," and away he went again, his horse jumping and pitching one moment, the next trotting at a fine gait, the load of hay still keeping pace with the nag drawing it, and "Smithy" chuckling in his sleeve at the way he was "doing" H—— and his "fast nag." H—— knew his horse could beat the load of hay, but his animal was no jumper, and unless he could leap over the load of hay, he felt satisfied that he could not get ahead that day, and wisely concluded to take his time, which he did, coming in at the end of the mile just about twenty-five yards behind "Smithy" and his load of hay, and only discovered that he had been sold, by the roars of laughter which greeted him on his "coming in." H—— gave the crowd "Champagne all round" to keep dark on the subject, but somehow the Champagne and the joke *both leaked out*, together, and we thought it might amuse the readers of the Clipper to hear how H——'s fast nag was "taken down."

Indian Foot Race.

The annual snow-shoe race took place at Montreal, a few days since. In one of the races, in which six Indians competed, the winner, Pierre Iniwarewas, ran a mile in eight minutes and a half, which was good running, considering that the snow was soft and deep. In another race, five white men and the Indian already named competed, and the Indian won by only a few seconds.

How the Philadelphia Editors and Reporters were treated

The members of the Philadelphia press were treated rather shabby on the occasion of the grand Consolidation Ball, given in that city, on Friday evening, 10th inst. They had tickets of admission given them, but the said tickets denied them the privilege of taking their ladies along. As a natural consequence, the ball, according to the reports of these reporters, was a complete failure, a mere dish-water affair, and discreditable to the reputation of the city. If these offended gentlemen had kept quiet in the matter, it would not have been supposed that they had made fools of themselves, but the outrage committed upon them in refusing to allow their ladies to accompany them, so embittered their minds, that the whole thing was exposed, and the cause of the failure of the ball attributed to the fact that the gentlemen of the Philadelphia press had been slighted in the matter. The truth of the matter is, however, that the Consolidation Ball was a most magnificent and gorgeous affair; the arrangements were on a scale of liberality worthy of the beautiful "City of Right Angles," and will long be remembered with pleasure by those who participated in the enjoyments of the evening.

The niggardly practice too frequently indulged in by members of the press, of decrying this exhibition, or that theatre, or such a place of amusement, merely because they have not had tickets sent them, to which they have no manner of right, should be at once frowned down. If a new hotel is erected, the first thing, on its completion, is to prepare a grand banquet for the members of the press. In return for this compliment, a "puff," laudatory of the establishment and its 'gentlemanly and courteous proprietor," will be found in the next issue of the *independent* press. Beautiful arrangement, isn't it? It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that a grand supper was given by the Directors of the Crystal Palace, shortly after the opening of the exhibition, to which the gentlemen connected with the Sunday press were not invited. Of course, since that oversight, the Sunday press has been down on the Crystal Palace Exhibition.

We are very sorry for the treatment experienced by our brethren of the Philadelphia press in the matter of the Consolidated Ball, but would advise them in future to be more independent, and to be less anxious to sell their opinions for a mere ball or supper ticket. They will find themselves of more consequence than they previously had any idea of. Try it.

Bill Long's.

The most complete and tasteful establishment to be found in this country, we venture to assert, is that kept by Mr. Wm. Long, in Third-street, below German, Philadelphia. In addition to an eating saloon, supplied with the various delicacies of the season, is a most beautiful and costly bar-room, the decorations of which cost several thousand dollars. On the same floor is a large store, kept constantly supplied with the choicest cigars and tobacco to be had. On the same floor, back of the eating saloon, is a most magnificent bowling saloon, with all the fixtures of the most costly description. These alleys are well attended by a complete corps of colored men, dressed in uniform, and polite and attentive to all who visit the room. Adjoining this is a pistol gallery, and directly alongside of the latter is a rifle gallery. In another part of this building, on the same floor, is a pair of very fine shuffle boards, and on the second floor are a number of billiard tables and roulette tables. Other apartments of the establishment are devoted to Chess, Card-playing, Dominoes, &c., &c. In fact, there are sufficient accommodations throughout this vast and beautiful establishment to suit the taste and fancy of every lover of amusement and recreation. A large museum of curiosities, as well as a picture gallery, assist in making Long's *the* place of attraction.

Ned Turner,

THE CONQUEROR OF THE HARDY AND ALMOST INVULNERABLE SCROGGINS.

In the next number of the Clipper will be commenced the Life and Battles of the celebrated Ned Turner. The portion inserted in our next will embrace Turner's great battle with Curtis, in which the latter was so punished that he died in a few hours after leaving the ring. Recollect, these reports of the battles of the olden times will not be published in any other form, and as some of the works from which we copy are out of print, it would be well for those who desire to preserve them, to obtain copies of the Clipper early, as it is impossible to strike off a second edition.

The Yacht America.

This beautiful vessel, which completely revolutionized yacht building, by her defeat of the British yacht Squadron, at Cowes, is advertised, in the English papers, to be sold at auction.

The News Boys Lodging Rooms

This new arrangement for the accommodation of those busy bees the news boys, was opened a few evenings since. Every necessary for the comfort and convenience of the lodgers is furnished for the trifling sum of six-pence per night.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A Pugilistic Pedestrian.

Billy Hayes, who is matched to fight Johnny Walker, lately undertook for a bet of £10 to walk from Dismore's, Smart's-buildings, Drury-lane, to the Angel, at Sutton, and back, in eight hours, without partaking of anything to eat or drink. The distance is computed at 24 miles. On his return and when within five miles of London, the backers of Time finding that Hayes had about one hour and three-quarters to complete the whole distance, consented to give up the wager, and to allow Hayes to take some refreshment.

The Late Mile Race.

Our city, as well as Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, &c., has been in a great state of excitement since our last, owing to the late mile race between Barlow and Horton. All sorts of reports have been rife, many of them greatly exaggerated, but all leading to the supposition that the race was anything but a fair one. We have received a large number of communications on the subject, which, were we to publish one half, would almost fill the inside of our paper. The great majority of them are in condemnation of the men, and as we think enough has been said on the subject, we have concluded to decline the publication of any.

The Hurdle Leaping.

ABANDONMENT OF THE MATCH.

Owing to some difficulties in the way, this match has been abandoned by mutual consent, and the money deposited in our hands has been returned to the parties interested. We regret this, as the match promised some rare sport to the lovers of running and leaping. Should a fresh match be made, we will inform our readers in next week's Clipper.

Thomas, the Salopian.

This celebrated pedestrian is expected to arrive in this city in a few days. Thomas, we believe, has walked seven and a quarter miles in the hour. This is pretty tall walking, and it will be a hard matter to get over, though, as Sam Patch said, some things can be done as well as others. We will see, however, what the pedestrians on this side of the big pond are made of.

Seward, the American.

George Seward, who has astonished the sons of Albion by his extraordinary pedestrian powers, was announced to perform the following feats on the 28th February :—running six men 100 yards each in 30 minutes, and leap four hurdles, to run each man seperately. Seward will also leap above his own height from a solid block, four inches high; also leap *two hurdles, four feet high and six apart, at one leap; also to leap two hurdles, four yards apart and three feet high at one leap.*

The American Deer.

James Pudney of Mile End and William Jackson (the American Deer) have signed articles to run 10 miles for £25 aside, on Monday, the 13th of March, in Westhill Park, Halifax, and Pudney is also to stake £10 against the belt won by Jackson at the Copenhagen Ground, at present held by him.

CHALLENGES.

Notice to Challengers.

We have received so many challenges of late, from different parties, without any matches resulting therefrom, causing us more trouble and perplexity than we care to undergo again, that we have determined in future to insert no challenge unless accompanied with a small deposit, say $5. If a match ensues, the $5 will go to bind the bargain; if no answer is returned to the challenge, the money will be refunded to the party challenging. Persons answering challenges will also be required to leave a deposit, so that everything can be conducted "fair and square." This course we are compelled to adopt, and no one can complain at our enforcing this rule.

Grindell's Challenges.

The challenges published in our last from John Grindell, offering to make a match with either Hiram Horton or Mickey Free, to run two miles, for $ 500 or $1000 aside, has met with no response from either of the parties challenged. As Mr. Horton does not profess to run long distances, Mr. Grindell should not have challenged him for a two mile race. Mickey Free, whom Grindell defeated, depends upon his walking more than upon his running, and we suppose this is the reason he has not replied to Grindell's challenge.

Challenge to Jig Dancers.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14, '54.

The undersigned will dance any man or boy one Irish Jig and one Irish Reel, single, double, or treble, in public or in private, for the sum of One Thousand Dollars. Money and man ready at T. Scroggy's Segar store, 443 Vine street, Philadelphia. T. J. GANNON,

Champion Dancer of Ireland.

Curious Challenges.

We have received for publication in the Clipper several remarkable challenges, which we give below. These challenges are bona fide, and offered in good faith, with the hope that they will be accepted by some of the fast young men of New York. The first is a challenge to the newsboys of New York, from a champion newspaper folder in Philadelphia, and from our own knowledge of the newspaper business in this city, we have every reason to believe that Thomas Scroggy's challenge will not long remain unanswered, for we believe we can point out some folders in this city who can beat the rest of mankind in folding newspapers.

TO THE NEWSBOYS OF NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14, '54

The undersigned having seen a challenge in the New York Herald, of the newsboys against the world, will accept the challenge, for a sum not exceeding $250, to fold a weekly paper, mail fashion, each paper six folds. Man and money ready at T. M. Scroggy's Segar store, No. 443 Vine street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS M. SCROGGY.

Now, boys, give him a chance to spend his money, but don't all speak at once.

Something New under the Sun.

CHALLENGE TO ANY MAN IN THE WORLD.

The undersigned begs leave to state that the following does not consist of displaying the manly art of self-defence, but of displaying the powers of endurance, viz :

I hereby challenge any man for five hundred dollars aside to refrain from eating or drinking longer than myself. If any gentleman or lady desires to meet my challenge for a less sum I can accommodate them, but a larger sum I cannot raise.

PATRICK H. ROSS.

P. S.—My direction can be ascertained by applying at the Clipper office.

Challenge to Barlow and Horton.

BROOKLYN, March 17, 1854.

MR. EDITOR :—I will run William Freestone, or Hiram Horton one mile, on the Union Course, for Five Hundred to a Thousand Dollars, six weeks from the time the match is made. This will give Horton or Freestone a chance to show themselves.

Man and money ready at the Washington House, corner of Prospect and Main street. Yours, with Respect,

PATRICK GORDON.

THE RING.

Fights to Come.

April 26.—Jem Parker and Harry Gribben, for $500 aside.

Trainor and Boyle's Match off.

A few weeks since an agreement to fight for $500 aside was entered into between Jem Trainor and Jemmy Boyle. To bind the bargain a deposit of $25 aside was made, and the parties separated, after agreeing to meet on Thursday, 16th inst., to draw up articles, and to make the deposit already down into $100 aside. Accordingly, on Thursday last the parties met, when the backers of Boyle declared their unwillingness to proceed with the match, and Trainor received forfeit. This result was not altogether unexpected, and of course created no surprise on the fact being announced.

In Training.

Parker and Gribben are busy in attending to their training duties, and already begin to show signs of good feeding and plenty of exercise. The friends of each man seem determined to bring them up in good order and condition, that the merits of each may be fully determined.

Johnny Walker and Bill Hayes.

This match is going ahead bravely, the parties having met regularly every Wednesday evening since the making of the match, for the purpose of making a weekly deposit of £10 aside.

The Spider and Alf Walker.

These light ones are also punctual in making their weekly deposits, and the interest to witness the contest is beginning to excite all classes of the community.

Jones and Donnelly.

Jones, of Portsmouth, has staked £10 to make a match with Ned Donnelly for £100. The latter, it seems, challenged Jones, at his Sparring Exhibition.

Fight in Philadelphia.

A correspondent sends us the following account of a prize fight which came off in Philadelphia, on St. Patrick's Day, between Edward, alias Buck McCann, and Edward Cole, two of the well known b'hoys, of the Third Ward, South ark. The fight took place on the well known grounds on Shippen street, above 4th, and lasted 30 minutes. John Cook was McCann's second, and John Guiby acted for Cole. Captain Brown was timekeeper.

Round 1. Time being called the men threw themselves into attitude, and, judging from appearances, Cole was likely to have it all his own way. McCann's friends were confident, however. Buck rushed in, but was stopped by a planter on the nose. First blood for Cole! Buck, much agitated, hit Cole a heavy blow in the mug, and dropped.

2nd. The men made their appearance, Cole bleeding at the mouth; Buck, trying a Sullivan drop, was caught under the chin, and Cook claimed as foul.

3d. Cole led off; Buck very weak; Cole got in a heavy spank with his right on Buck's left eye, and fell from the force of his own blow.

4th. Both to time; Cole led off and tried to open the fight, but was caught by Buck by a planter alongside the mug, and fell.

5th. Cole, looking puffy from the blow in the last round; Buck, quite cool planted a severe blow on the eye, Cole, which he followed up, severely punishing Cole, who fell very weak.

6th. Little or no interest; Cole tipped Buck on the smeller, and both down. Loud cheering on both sides.

7th. Both to time, Cole a little too fast in his delivery, Buck met him with a planter on the ribs, and fell.

8th, and last, Cole was led up by his second, when his right eye was closed by Buck, who again led off with his left, following it up with his right, and hit Cole a very severe blow on the nose, which stunned him, and he was carried off the ground by his friends, when Buck was declared the victor, amidst the loud cheering of his friends.

SPARRING.

One of the best Sparring Exhibitions of the season is to take place at Warren Hall, corner of Henry and Oliver sts., on Wednesday evening next. The exhibition is for the benefit of Mr. L. C. Grimes, better known as "Pop Grimes," and from the preparations making, we have no doubt a merry meeting will take place. A raised stage will be erected in the centre of the room, so that no matter how crowded the assemblage may be, every person present will have a fair opportunity of seeing every set-to. Some of the best and most scientific delineators of the art will lend their aid to render the exhibition interesting and attractive in every particular. Those who witnessed the beautiful set-to between Molineaux, of Brooklyn, and Stunning Joe Banks, of Manchester, at Mr. James Sullivan's exhibition, a few months since, and who were so delighted with the efforts of these two "artful dodgers," will have an opportunity of again witnessing them set-to, and those who missed that treat can see them set-to at the above mentioned exhibition, as they will wind up the ceremonies of the evening. This will be truly a meeting of the fancy, and those fond of good sparring should not fail to attend. Admittance only 25 cents. Mr. John McMahon, a clever hand at the business, is to officiate as Master of Ceremonies.

Jemmy Trainor.

We understand that Jemmy Trainor will take part in the exercises at Warren Hall, on the occasion of Grimes' benefit, on Wednesday evening next. There will doubtless be a great turn-out on the occasion.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Shooting Match at Pigeons, for a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $120, was to have taken place at Philadelphia, on Thursday, 23d inst. Ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 yards bounds, 1¼ oz. shot.

Another Match,

For a splendid gun, valued at $40, took place at Bridesburgh, a few miles from Philadelphia, on Tuesday—21 yards rise, 80 yards bounds, 1¼ oz. shot.

Will some of our friends send us the result of the above matches.

THE TURF.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF '54.

The Spring Races.

A TROT OF FIVE MILES.

The first trot for the season of 1854, took place on the Union Course, Long Island, on Monday last, and attracted but a poor attendance. The disrepute into which the Long Island Courses fell during the fall of 1853, still hangs over these grounds, and confidence will not be restored until the public has been fully convinced that the doings during the present season are to be divested of all dishonesty and underhanded dealings. The proprietors of the Courses owe it to their own reputation, as well as in justice to the public, that new arrangements should be organized, and that matches not perfectly "on the square," should not be suffered to take place. If frauds cannot be detected in time to prevent such matches coming off, let those persons interested in them be ever afterwards denied the use of the track. By such a course alone can the lovers of the sports of the turf be satisfied, and by such a course can confidence be again restored.

There will be some fine matches during the season, which, as soon as we learn the particulars, shall be announced in our columns.

The match on Monday last, was made for $500, five miles out. Hiram Woodruff named b. m. *Susan*, and Albert Conklin named g. g. *Gray Jem*. Betting was lively. After the first mile the bay mare was the favorite at an average of $20 to $5. Prior to this the gray gelding was backed by a majority of the spectators, several of whom bet heavily and gave long odds. At 3 o'clock the horses were exercised on the easterly side of the track, the competitors finally came to the stand side by side, and received the Judges' word. Having gone a short distance the mare fell behind, and the gray led her to the half-mile pole—time here, 1:42½—several lengths ahead. Approaching the turn, the gray made a bad break, and Hiram passed him, but the gelding quickly resumed his gait, and reached the stand over two lengths in advance of the mare.—On the second mile they went to the "first quarter," very close together, but by this time the bay mare had become warmed up and acted very differently. She won this heat quite easily by a distance of four or five lengths. Hiram led off on the third mile, and when passing the second quarter pole there was a long gap between himself and Albert, who was at least the eighth of a mile in the reach. Hence the bay mare won this heat without much effort, and appeared fresh.

The fourth mile materially changed the opinion of the crowd in favor of Hiram's nag, as he exhibited far the best bottom for a long race. All chance for the backers of the gray to win was entirely out of the question, and many of them endavored to "hedge" to get even, but they met with very little success. On this heat the gray was nearly wearied out, and the bay came to the stand nearly one hundred yards ahead. During the fifth and last mile, Albert urged the gelding all he would stand, and he trotted much more firmly than he had on the two preceding miles. The mare came home this last heat a long distance ahead of *Gray Jim*, and was unanimously declared winner of the race and money, by the three Judges.—Considerable disappointment was felt by numerous persons, who estimated the gray gelding too highly in point of speed and bottom to stand the test of trotting a straight five-mile match.

The following is a schedule of the time made each mile, and also the aggregate of the time in which the distance was performed :

First mile..... 3:19	Fourth mile.... 12:39
Second mile... 6:24	Fifth mile..... 15.51
Third mile..... 9:32	

TROTTING AND PACING AT NEW ORLEANS.

Metairie Course.—Wednesday, March 1—Purse $100 for all pacers; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

J. L. Eoff's b. g. Joe Wilson - - - - - - 1 3 1 1
Sam Rice's ro. g. Silvertail - - - - - - 3 1 3 2
G. W. Bidwell's b. m. Dolly Spanker - - - - - 2 2 2 3
Time—2:25½---2:26---2:25½---2:27.

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1854 —Purse and stake $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

O. W. Dimick's ch. m. May Queen - - - - - 1 1 1 1
J. L. Eoff's bl. h. Dr. Elliott - - - - - - 3 1 2 2
G. W. Bidwell's bl. h. Reindeer - - - - - 2 3 dist.
Time—2:44—2:49½—2:47—2:46.

Thursday, March 2---Purse and stake $200, two mile heats in harness

O. W. Dimick's ch. m. May Queen - - - - - 1 1
G. W. Sidwell's bl. g. Reindeer - - - - - 2 2
J. L. Eoff's bl. g. Dr. Elliott - - - - - 3 3
Time---5:27½---5:21½

CENTRAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Central Course.---Macon, Ga., Monday, February 20, 1854.---Match for $5000 aside; two mile heats.

Capt. Hamilton's ch. c. Frank Irwin - - Walked over
Major T. G. Bacon's b. h. Bill Dearing (formerly Gamble) Paid forfeit

Tuesday, Feb. 21.---Dean stakes for three year olds, colts 90 lbs; fillies 87 lbs; three subscribers at $200 each, $100 forfeit, with $300 added by the Club, if two or more start, two mile heats.

John Harrison, Sr's b. c. Griffe Edmondson - - Walked Over
S. J. Carter's b. c. - - Paid forfeit
R. C. Myer's ch. filly - Paid forfeit

Same day---Purse $100 for all ages, three year olds carrying 90 lbs; 4 years, 102; 5, 12; 6, 120; 7 and upward, 126; allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

[illegible] - - - -
B. Easley's br. f. Blue Glance - - - - - - 3 2
Wm. Wood's b. c. John Cromwell - - - - - 2 dis
Time---1:56---1:58.

Wednesday, Feb. 22—Jockey Club purse $500 for all ages, weights as above, three mile heats.

J. Harrison Sr's b. c. Griffe Edmondson - - - - - 1 1
John Campbell's br. h. John Diamond - - - - - 3 2
Col. Hamilton's ch. c. Frank Irwin - - - - - 2 dr.
Time---5:53---603.

Thursday, Feb. 23—Jockey Club purse $250 for all ages, weights as above, two mile heats.

B. Easley's br. c. Fire Eater - 1 1
John Campbell's b. c. George Harman - - - - - 2 2
Time---4:03 --4:14.

Same day---Purse $100 for all ages, weights as above, mile heats.

J. Harrison Sr's, ch. f. Lucy Bryant - - - - - 1 1
B. Easley's ch. c. - - - 2 2
Time, 1:58---1:58½.

TROTTING ON THE ICE ON ONONDAGA LAKE.

MARCH 9.---Purse $50---entrance $25 making $350, mile heats, best three in five.

Jas. Barney, of Syracuse, named c. h. Roderick - - 1 1 1
Chas. Baker, of Syracuse, named c. h. Silas Wright. - - 2 2 2
Gen. Dunham, of Troy, named w. m. White Eashion - - 3 3 3
W. Hinckley, of Ithaca, named s. g. Sorrel Ned - - - 4 4 4
Time, 2:48---2:50---251.

RED HOUSE PLEASURE GROUNDS.—Trotting—Thursday, March 16—Purse $25, mile heats, best three in five to saddle.

C. Carson's bl. g. Gold digger - - - - - 1 1 0 2 1
C. Brook's br. g. Malabar 2 2 0 1 2
Time, 2:58½—2:57—2:59—2:59—2:59.

The betting was even. This was a closely contested trot, and attracted a large attendance.

AMUSEMENTS.

National Theatre.

Another Uncle Tom crowded off the track, and still the correct version as performed at the National, attracts as great throngs as ever. This fact alone speaks wonders. Night after night has this touching and deeply interesting drama held chain-bound the most numerous and respectable audiences ever congregated within the walls of a theatre. The gentle Eva, as delineated by little Cordelia Howard, is a character well calculated to enlist the sympathies and feelings, and it is no wonder that we behold the three *tiers* of spectators in *tears* at the death of Eva. If you wish to see a good play, well acted, go to the National.

Christy's Minstrels.

The "old spot," where Ethiopian eccentricities first saw the light, and where the beautiful and popular negro melodies were *fostered*, still continues its hold upon the respectable and fashionable portion of the community. The fun of Jerry Bryant, who is a great favorite at Christy's, and deservedly too, as also the jokes of "Old Pompey," still keep the audience in a roar, and make those who patronise 472 Broadway "laugh and grow fat." It should not be forgotten that Jerry Bryant's benefit will take place on Saturday evening next.

Buckley's Minstrels.

G. Swaine Buckley, wishing to recruit himself, as his health has been rather feeble of late, owing to his arduous exertions, has left this company for a short time; but in order that his absence may not lessen the attractions, the Buckley Minstrels have engaged the popular Eph. Horn, and Tom Briggs, who made their first appearance at the Hall of the Buckleys, on Wednesday evening last.

Frank Brower.

We noticed this favorite Ethiopian dancer in the city a few days since The good fortune attending Frank's efforts to please, has made him as fat and hearty as an Alderman. Frank does but little in the "nigger business" at present, other engagements proving more profitable.

Charley White's.

No matter what the attractions may be at other places of amusements, the Melodeon is nightly filled with admiring audiences. Mr. White deserves all the success he receives, and we are pleased to learn that he will be "around" next season.

Death of the Rhinoceros.

The large Rhinoceros which has for some time past been exhibited at Driesbach's Menagerie, Broadway, died on Monday morning about five o'clock. The animal had been eating hay all night, and at the above time laid down and expired in five minutes. This Rhinoceros was the only one in this country and was valued at $10,000.

Boxiana for Sale.

A gentleman having the first, second and third volumes of Boxiana, is willing to dispose of them for $5 per volume. Apply at this office.

See to it.

"To this complexion must we come at last," said a middle-aged lady a few days since, whose freckled face, and weather-beaten features betokened she was rapidly passing into "the sere and yellow leaf." Another lady, whose clear and beautiful complexion, and otherwise blooming appearance gave evidence of youth and gaiety stood by while the above exclamation was made, and remarked that had she neglected herself as the other had done, she, too, would now be deploring her failing beauty, but [illegible] the celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, prepared under the personal supervision of Dr. Gouraud, to that alone did she attribute her present youthful appearance. That such is the effect of this truly miraculous cosmetic, all who have used it can testify. Various other cosmetics are prepared by Dr. Gouraud, such as Hair Dye, Powders Subtiles, &c. &c., all of which can be depended upon for their efficaciousness. Call at the store of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

The Great Bazaar,

Where congregate the beauty, the fashion, and the various classes of the community, to select those gems of Carpeting which can only be had at No. 99 Bowery, presented a most magnificent appearance during the late fine weather. Those who intend to change their residence on the first of May, should at once secure a supply of new Carpets, &c., for the great rush which is sure to take place during moving week, will perhaps delay you in making your choice, and you may afterwards regret not having taken time by the fore-lock, and attended to these matters while you had the opportunity. Ladies who have visited other stores, and have been surprised at being obliged to make their selections in sales-rooms under the side-walks, need be under no apprehension of such treatment at the great depot of Hiram Anderson, as the ten large sales rooms are above ground, and comfortable in every particular. Those who are about to purchase, should bear this fact in mind, and remember 99 Bowery.

Improvement,

Is the order of the day, and since Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, those fashionable hatters of No 57 Chatham street and corner of Chatham and Pearl, introduced the Daguerrean attachment to the hats manufactured by them, by which the likeness of each purchaser is presented free of charge, numerous are the attempts at imitation, and as numerous have been the failures, for Messrs. Rafferty & Leask having secured a patent for their improvement, places it out of the power of others to compete with them, consequently what these imitators promise they are unable to perform. Don't forget this fact. In addition, it can with truth be said that the quality of the hats manufactured at the above stores cannot be surpassed, as their durability attests; and in cheapness a trial will satisfy all. As the new spring style has just been introduced, those about purchasing should call in at the above stores.

Just So.

The chief end of man is his bread and butter; or, in other words, nothing puts a man in a better humor than good eating, and as "Ned's Snug harbor," No 362 Broome street, is a capital place to get a good stew, or fry, or a tip-top cup of coffee, together with the best of liquors and segars, we think it our duty to remind our readers of the fact, so that a trial may be had.

Whiskers and Moustaches—My Onguent will force them to grow strong and thick in six weeks; and won't stain or injure the skin. Try it—you'll find it so. $1 per bottle; $4 00 half dozen. Sent to any part of the country. M. G. GRAHAM, 15 Ann street, N. Y; J. M. Spalding, 27 Tremont row, Boston, Zeiber, 44 South 3d street, Philadelphia.

DANCING SCHOOL,

AT FRANKLIN HALL, CORNER OF Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, under the direction of Mickey Free.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 200 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Moseia, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 8c 6d., 2s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long."

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new styls of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets English druggets 4 yards wide 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 3s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 12s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendation of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s 3d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c

HIRAM ANDERSON,

Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

DANCING ACADEMY.

M. KILFOIL,

GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully inform them that his Dancing Classes are continued as usual, at Bechtner's Hotel, 210 William street; at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 30th street and 10th avenue, and that he has opened a new Academy [illegible] 9th and 10th avenue, where all the newest and most fashionable Dances, Waltzes, &c., [illegible] and unremitting attention paid to the improvement of his pupils, in an accomplishment, so essential to grace and elegance of manner.

New classes are forming every evening at each of the above schools, so that pupils can begin at any time, and receive the same advantages, as those who commenced at an early period of the season

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CONcord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.

N. B Private Lessons given in Sparring.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Drinking Saloon, 100½ Warren street called the *Young Continental House*. If coaxed a little he will attend on the outside and sing the American Boy, while Shorty will wait upon you from the inside. Call and see.

P. S—Bobby Lee, the Lad that was Born without a Shirt, in attendence when called for.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House;

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom. - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.....Proprietor
R. A Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—The Mails per U. S. M. S. ATLANTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, March 18th, 1854, at 10 o'clock A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 11, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday April 3, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 11, 1854.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom. - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire,

Sporting Items.

ANOTHER DISPOSAL OF A SNAKE.

In Demerara, and the adjacent parts of South America, Mr. Charles Waterman, a most enterprising traveler, relates the following adventure he had with a snake; and, although not displaying anything like the hardihood of Pinchon, the robber, yet it will be found extremely interesting:

"The sun (says Mr. W.) had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shades; all would have been like midnight silence, were it not that the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a Horrace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bush-master, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose up, and, laying hold of the eight-foot lance which was close by me, 'Well, then, Daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat, check shirt and trowsers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlas, and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlas, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and, when we had got about half a mile in the forest the negro stopped and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent; I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed; but at last I made him out; it was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension. A Dutch friend of mine, by name Brouwer, killed a boa, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns in his mouth; he had swallowed the stag, but could not get the horns down; so he had to wait in patience with that uncomfortable mouthful till his stomach digested the body, and then the horns would drop out. In this plight the Dutchman found him, as he was going in his canoe up the river, and sent a ball through his head. On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed. He had already been under water so considerable a time that I found it impossible any longer to restrain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in case of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the 'cloud' by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

INGENUITY OF A BEAVER AT PARIS.

A beaver from the Rhine is now in the Royal Collection in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, which exhibited as much ingenuity as has ever been ascribed to the species in a wild state, and more than enough to silence the incredulity of sceptics respecting the beavers' dams and their magazines of winter provisions. This beaver, for instance, we are informed by M. Geoffroi St. Hilaire, was, during the severe weather in winter, provided with fresh twigs of trees, to furnish exercise for his propensity of gnawing, and with apples, &c., as a more nutritive food. One night there came on a snow storm, and the snow came into his domicile in considerable quantity, till he found out a plan of shielding himself from the inconvenience. For this purpose, he cut his supply of twigs into proper lengths, to be wove in the basket fashion, between the ears of his cage; chopped his apples in pieces to fill up the intervals between the twigs; and when even this did not appear sufficiently air-tight, or (if you will) storm-tight, he kneaded snow into the intervals. By the morning, it appeared that he had labored hard all night, and had completed a very neat and ingenious barricade against the intrusion of the snow.

WOLF-HUNTING IN RUSSIA.

One of the modes employed consists in two persons driving in a sledge, at night, through the woods, which are known to be infested with ferocious animals of that class, well armed with short weapons as well as ready-loaded guns. The wolf is very *gourmand* in pork flesh, the younger the better; the huntsmen, therefore, take care to have in their sledge with them a sucking pig, the ears of which they pull from time to time, when the squeaks of the animal not unusually call forth the wished for wild beast, which falls ravenously on what it considers the noisy prey, but which is nothing more than a large bundle of straw dragging along the ground from behind the sledge, somewhat fashioned like a pig. While in this act the musquetry of the sledgers is discharged at him, and there is generally an end of the wolf. But it sometimes happens that when a she-wolf has been thus disturbed and cheated, and that the hunters have missed their aim, the animal has made a dart at the inmates of the sledge, or followed for some time the rapid course of the carriage, howling most dismally, thus reversing the order of the chase until a more lucky shot has put an end to the pursuit.

A THOROUGH-BRED DOG HATES A BAD SHOT.

A gentleman requested the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, and was informed that the dog would behave well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed them he would run home and leave them. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his new master was a remarkable bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched by the leaded showers that fell around it, till at last the pointer became careless, and often missed his game; but as if seemingly willing to give one chance more to his luckless master, he made a dead stand at a furn bush, with his nose pointed downwards, the fore foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this masterly position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to his tail, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backward and forward, when out sprang an old black cock. Bang, bang, went both barrels, but alas! the proud bird of the heath still soared in the air unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and, instead of crouching at the feet of his master till he reloaded, he turned boldly round, laced his tail close between his legs, gave one howl long and loud, and off he set, and stoppednot till within sight of the kennell door.

CANINE INGRATITUDE.

The dog, of all the animals in creation, has ever been regarded as the peculiar friend and companion of man. Among the most conspicuous of those qualities which bind him to his master, and render him amiable to mankind, is that of *gratitude*—gratitude which no ill usage can shake, nor neglect detroy. But anomalies are no less frequent in animals than in man; the latter have their moral deviations, and the former their instinctive contradictions. As a striking proof of the justness of these deductions, we will present to our readers the following accredited fact:

A butcher of Mitcham, in Surrey, had reared a mastiff dog from a puppy, and was so attached to him that he was his constant company wherever he went. One day this mastiff had been eating very plentifully of some horse-flesh which his master had purchased for him, and having lost some part of it, the butcher attempted to take hold of it, in order to lay it by; the dog instantly seized his arm, and tore the flesh in a most dreadful manner; not content with this, the furious animal flew up at his throat, which he fastened himself, and was not loosened from his hold till some neighbors tied a rope round his neck in order to strangle him. The moment the dog felt the cord he let go; and such was the extraordinary attachment of the butcher to this favorite mastiff, that although his life was in imminent danger, he would not suffer the animal to be destroyed. It is generally supposed that eating such a quantity of raw horse-flesh occasioned the ferocity of the animal—for, till this circumstance happened, he had always been remarkably docile.

ENGLISH ITEMS,

From late London papers.

GAMBLING AT A PUBLIC HOUSE.—At Marylebone, on Tuesday, thirteen men, the majority of whom were stated to be gentlemen's servants, and who were apprehended on the 28th ult. by Mr. Superintendent Fergusson, Sergeant Lockerby, Abrahams, 296 S., and other constables of the same division, were placed in front of the bar before Mr. Broughton, having been remanded on bail from last Monday week, (no evidence having been taken,) charged with unlawfully gambling in a certain room at the Prince George of Cambridge, Albany street, Regent's Park; and Mr. Charles Cornwell, landlord of the house, was also charged with knowingly permitting the offence. It seems the police obtained admission to the house, and in a back room on the first floor found the defendants at a table covered with green baize, one of whom was shaking a dice-box. They were all taken into custody, and conveyed to the station house. In answer to Mr. Balantine, one witness stated that he never had occasion to find fault with the house before he had to prefer the present charge against the landlord. It was the intention of the commissioners to put down all sorts of gambling in public houses, even though it was for turkeys or geese. He had been at several of the *battues* against gaming-houses at the West End. The house kept by the landlord was not like any of those into which he had entered, and which were described as common gambling-houses. The prisoners were searched, and he believed there were not 20s found among the whole of them. Mr. Broughton said it was necessary to show that this was a common gambling-house, within the meaning of the act. The information states that there was ground to believe that the house was used as a common gambling-house. Was there proof that it was so? The only proof brought forward was, that some time back there had been a raffle for turkeys. Mr. Ballantine contended that there was no evidence to show that the house could be considered a common gambling-house within the meaning of the act, and observed that the act, the 8th and 9th Victoria, was passed in order that a distinction might be made between club-houses and those designated as common gaming-houses. On behalf of his client, he remarked that there was no intention on his part to violate the law, and that in future no gambling should ever be allowed in his house. Mr. Broughton observed, that he thought the evidence was not sufficient to constitute the house of the defendant as one, which, within the meaning of the act, could be called a common gambling-house. It was a very serious offence with which the landlord was charged, as he was liable to a penalty of £100, while each of the other prisoners might be fined £5. Had he seen sufficient grounds to convict, he would not have had any hesitation in doing so, but as he thought the evidence failed to show the house was a common gambling-house, he should dismiss the charge. The prisoners were then discharged, and Mr. Ballantine promised that the offence should not be repeated.

A MAGSMAN DETECTED.—At Westminster police court, on Tuesday, Thos. Robinson, an ill-looking fellow, was charged with cheating two artisans. Abraham Hubbard said he was in the taproom of the Red Lion, Princes-street, Westminster, when the prisoner came in with four oranges, and challenged the company to stake a penny against them, to be decided by the spin of a teetotum, which he produced on a tin tray. Defendant won the penny, and, after playing with another person for some time, pulled a pack of cards from his pocket, and selecting three from them, amongst which was the deuce of clubs, showed the latter conspicuously, and then betted 6d that no one could tell, as he threw them face downwards upon the table, which was the deuce. Complainant unfortunately made a bad guess every time, and lost 2s. Mr. Arnold: Was the card in question always upon the table? Complainant: I could never find it [laughter]. Mr. Arnold: Could you undertake to say that it was put down with the others? Complainant: I would not swear it was not there [renewed laughter]. Mr. Arnold: Was it that, seeing him throw them down, you thought you could trust your eye against his hands? Complainant: Yes, I thought I always saw where it was [much laughter]. Robert Barrett said he played at teetotum with the prisoner, who, after getting above four, worked the teetotum himself, and laid 6d per time. It was under that number till complainant lost 4s 6d. It was always low. The man seemed to do as he liked with it. Mr. Arnold: How was it that you did not change your system from above to under? Compiainant: Well, I thought it must come above at last, but I did not think it made much difference which way I betted [much laughter]. As the spindle of the teetotum was so constructed as to shift up and down, Mr. Arnold directed it to be handed to Mr. Moran, inspector of the B division, present, to test the effect of shifting it; but if ever he had known anything of the science, he was certainly most miserably out of practice, and the teetotum fell repeatedly without a twirl, and, when it did spin, the results did not solve the mystery. The magistrate and the clerk had a spin apiece, but albeit well learned in law, and experienced in police court matters, the teetotum dodge defied their efforts to unravel it, and left the court as much in darkness how the trick was done, as before the inspector's feeble efforts had commenced. Mr. Arnold remanded the prisoner.

HORNSEY WOOD SHOOTING GROUNDS.—On Friday week a great deal of rifle shooting took place, and several officers of the army and other gentlemen attended to witness the shooting of two rifles upon a new construction. The first was a self-loading and self-priming rifle to the extent of 16 rounds, and drop into a chamber singly as required. Mr. Brown shot eight rounds within one minute at 100 yards, and Mr. Barton 12 rounds at 150 yards, but the barrel became very hot, and it is intended to substitute a much stronger barrel on the next trial. The other rifle was upon the revolving principle, containing six balls, and was tried at 200, 250, and 300 yards, and was much approved of. On Monday some good rifle shooting took place at 200 and 250 yards range. Mr. Elliot put in nine out of 12 shots, including three bullseyes, at 250 yards, beating four others. Messrs Hall and Bleaden, shot a match for £5, 40 sparrows each, 21 yards, H and T traps; the former won, killing 33 to 26. Several sweepstakes were shot, Messrs Markham, Ellis, and Perks being the chief winners. On Tuesday Messrs Alford and West shot a match for £10 a side; six double shots each (Barker's best blue rocks), 21 yards rise, 50 boundary; the former won, killing six to four. They had two more matches at four double shots each, and tied in the first, killing three each, Mr. West won the second, killing 4 to 3. Messrs Armitage and Bell had seven each, 21 yards, H and T traps, the enclosure the boundary; Mr. A. won, killing five. In two sweeps for one sovereign each, five birds, 21 yards rise, Messrs Coulson and Barclay won one each, beating six others. Several sparrow sweeps were also shot. A £3 sweep and several prizes will be shot for on the same day as the match between Messrs Smith and Game takes place. Barber supplies the birds. Ammunition of all kinds to be had at the bar.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WESTHALL AND JONES'S SEVEN MILES WALKING MATCH, FOR £25 ASIDE.—The match between these renowned pedestrian heel-and-toe heroes came off last Monday, between the 23d and 24th milestones, on the Oxford road, in the vicinity of Slough. The celebrity of the parties, (Westhall being long since considered the *facile princeps* of "ambulators," and his youthful opponent, Jones, having severely tested the powers of some of our best walkers on several previous occasions,) collected a pretty large assemblage of spectators, amounting to about 3,000, who freely sported their "Californian" on the result, Westhall being the favorite in the ratio of 19 to 8, odds which were willingly accepted by the backers of Jones, who received a start of 50 yards out of the seven miles, the distance to be gone over. Both men had been in active training for some time previously, and when they showed on the ground and "unshelled," appeared to be in prime condition. Westhall was *aide-de-camped* by Jack Smith, the Regent street Pet; Jones was waited on by Richard Manks, the Warwickshire Antelope. After the usual—and, we must say, most reprehensible—delay, the men took up their relative positions about four o'clock, when, on the fall of the signal-cap, off both men bounded, but such was the celerity of Westhall's pace, that he overtook his opponent ere they had proceeded 500 yards. At the termination of the first mile, the men were not more than a yard asunder, Jones in the rear; and when three miles had been accomplished, the "ticker" declared that 22min. 13sec. had elapsed. At this point of the match, (Westhall leading,) the referee declared that it was not fair walking on the part of Westhall, and that he should consequently "resign his office." Here, it must be observed, that the referee did not—although in duty bound so to do—call upon Westhall *to turn*. One of the umpires "on the opposition benches" adopted a similar line of conduct; nevertheless the men uninterruptedly pursued their career, and a most interesting and exciting contest ensued. The latter part of the match was universally admitted to have been most fairly and honorably contended, and the men never cried halt until the full measure of the seven miles had been completed, at which time Westhall led his antagonist by some 15 or 20 yards. Time 54min. 15sec. The men were both very much distressed, and had to be led off the ground.—*Bell's Life in London, Feb.* 19.

TAT HATCH AND MARETT.

These novices met on Monday, near London, and fought for £5 aside. Only one round took place, in which Marett fell on his knees, and Hatch struck him a foul blow, thus putting an end to the contest. Jones of Portsmouth has of course no alternative, and must hand the stakes over to Marett. This, we understand, he will do on Tuesday evening next at his own house, the Lord Nelson, Earl street, Kensington.—*Bell's Life, Feb.* 19.

The New York Clipper

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentle an every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness.

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor, to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

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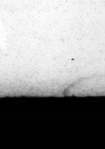

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